Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXII., No. 25. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1897. 50 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

'A Full-Length Portrait, Please.'

There is a secret that a photographer sometimes has to tell the people who come to his shop. It is an awkward secret—the particular kind that is known as a confidential hint. I don't suppose you have ever been told this sort of secret; but it is one of the few secrets which are generally kept.

Suppose I have put on my best suit of clothes, or my prettiest dress, and have brushed my hair to perfection. I am spick and span as the gentleman or lady who once came out of a band-box. I am quite sure I am looking my best. If a fly comes buzzing along and whisks on to my face, I shall be very annoyed, or if a gust of wind sweeps round a corner I shall be very nearly angry. Everything ought to see that I am going to be photographed.

At last I come to the shop. I am a little nervous; perhaps somebody has told me that I shall not make a good picture.

'Cabinet or carte, madam?' asks the photographer.

'Oh, I should prefer a full-length,' explains my mother.

The camera man looks at me very hard. Then he says, with an air of mystery that I do not understand—'Madam, if you will take my advice, you will have a head and shoulders only.'

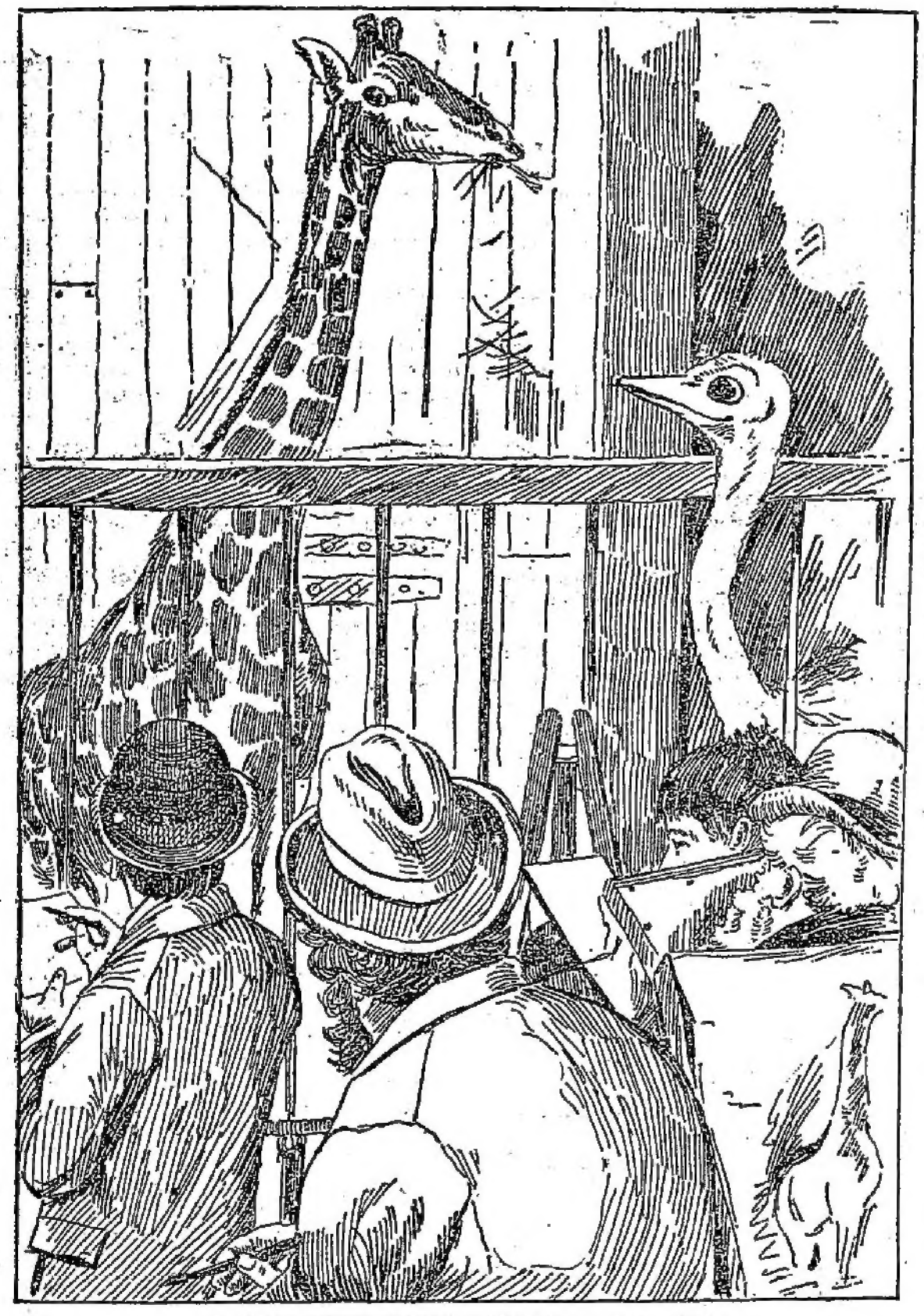
It is many a year since I stood for that first photograph, which was painted beautifully, my silver chain being turned to gold in the process. Yet I have always remembered that little hint of the photographer. I know now that he gives it to nearly every one who asks for a full length portrait; and the reason is just this: there are very few who are good-looking from top to toe. The camera is often too truthful; if we have big hands or short legs, or an awkward way of standing, the photograph tells the fact to all our friends, and we avoid the man who has taken us 'full-length' ever after. But the clever photographer takes the best part of us. He will have our head and shoulders only, and—another secret!—the right side of our face rather than the left, and only full face if we have a turned-up nose!

We may well envy the long-necked inhabitants of the Zoo who are having their pictures painted. They are so graceful that a 'full-length portrait' is certain to be a success; they do not look stiff and solemn, or smile a big, unnatural smile. They seem to say: 'Take me as I am; I'm looking the best I can, as I always do.'

Always? Ah, there's the rub! Do we look our best always? I fancy I should not like to be photographed when I didn't know that the camera was near; would you Yet we often—very often are. Not on a plate, but on the brain of somebody. Quite a new kind of photography? you ask. By no means. Have you never heard some one say, 'He, or she, made a good impression on me?' That means a photograph has been taken, an opinion has been formed, some one has learnt to 'like' somebody.

A friend of mine said to me the other day, 'You know Saunders, a right good fellow, a splendid, all-round man; he's genuine all over.' There's a fine photograph for you—a full-length, too—'genuine all over.' Has anybody got a photograph like that of you? Do you think the 'real you' has ever made an impression like that? If not, you need not despair. You cannot change the pug-nose you may have, but you can change the real 'you,' if you try with God's help. It is our character that is always being photographed when we are not looking—the whole of the real boy or girl.

What do you think of Harry, or shall we say, Dorothy? Have you good photographs of them? What do they think of you? Do they know you are kind and good to those who are weaker than you are, true to your word when it is easy—so easy—to tell an untruth, that you smile with good humor whenever you can? Do you think they have a full-length portrait of you—all true and good? Alas! none of us can have a perfect full-length portrait of our real selves, but we can try for it, and determine each day that what we know is wrong and unbeautiful shall not spoil our characters. Remember the old proverb, 'Handsome is that handsome does.'—R. S., in 'Home Words.'



'A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT, PLEASE!'—'Home Words.'

'I am Ordered off.'

Sitting one day in a large bookseller's shop, I observed a young man come in. He was one in whom I was much interested, for I had often spoken to him about his soul, and had even prayed with him. His mother was a devoted Christian, one who prayed daily for her children, and for this one in particular, he being her first-born. She had dedicated him to God from his infancy, and longed that he should not only be saved, but live before him. However, her efforts to persuade this loved one to come to Jesus were ineffectual, at least as far as we could see. Nevertheless God was all the time hearing and answering prayer.

I heard this young man ask for some books about New Zealand. What is the matter now? I wondered to myself.

'I want some books,' he said, 'with maps and pictures.'

'Yes, yes,' said the shopman, 'I think we have something of the kind.'

While the man was away looking through his stock, I stepped forward, and said to my

young friend, 'How do you do? What do you want books about New Zealand for?'

He answered with a sad face, 'I am ordered off to that place.'

'Indeed,' I said, 'why is this?'

'Oh, you know, I have been rather wild lately, and they tell me I have just done for myself. The old doctor says, if I go to New Zealand at once, I may live; but that it is quite impossible if I remain in this country.'

I thought to myself, God has various ways with men, if they will not 'come,' they may have to 'go.' If they will not yield in one way, he tries them in another.

In the meantime several books were brought and set before my friend. Some with pictures and no maps, and others with maps and no pictures. He was obliged to supply himself with more than one book to obtain the information he wanted.

While the parcel was being tied up I said to him, 'Why are you getting so many books?'

He replied, 'I need them all in order to acquaint myself with the place to which I am going. I must get to know something about the manners of the people, and the climate; also what preparations to make.'

'Yes, exactly so, that is well and wise,' I said.

He having paid the bill and taken up the parcel, we set off together.

On our way, I said, 'My dear fellow, if you had given your heart to God, I do not think you would have had this banishment from home put upon you. Now, the next best thing for you to do is to accept this sentence as from God, and ask him to bless it to your soul's good.'

The young man was rather sad, and I thought impressible; so I went on to say, 'You have refused many invitations to come to God, and now he is bidding you to go. Thank him that it is not to go away out of this world, but at present only to another part of it, where you may perhaps live and enjoy health. Now, do you propose to spend your life there as you have done here, or be a wiser man?'

'I have been thinking about that,' he said. 'I see now what a fool I have been; but the fact is I am as weak as water.'

'You dear fellow,' I replied, 'then you are exactly the kind of person to go to God for strength. Do not trust yourself, or your own resolutions.'

By this time we were passing the bible depot, so I went in, and, in remembrance of the kindness I had received from his family, I bought a good bible, and wrote his name in it.

'Here is a book for you,' I said, 'a book which will tell you of a better world than New Zealand. It has maps, pictures, illustrations and directions of all kinds. Mind you read this as well as the other books you have bought. It is well to know about the land to which you are going. I am doctor enough to tell you that we have no abiding city here; we are all under orders to go, but where? To heaven or to hell?'

My young friend was very sad at the thought of going away from home, and, as he said, perhaps to die in a far-off land, and be buried by strangers.

He was intending to read his books, and by their means set up an object of hope in his mind. But, notwithstanding this effort to cheer himself, the prospect of dying in a strange land made him very unhappy.

I was rather glad it did. I said to him, 'Now, my dear fellow, do let me persuade you to give your heart to God before you go. It will do you good, and nothing will cheer and comfort your dear mother so well. She will have anxiety enough about your going off alone, especially in your precarious state. You really ought to give her this comfort. The voyage itself may do you good, and the climate yonder re-establish your health, or it may not. Give God your heart.'

'I will,' he said with emotion.

'Thank God,' I replied. 'Now, then, do it, and I will call again and see you in the evening.'

In the evening I found him in a most hopeful condition. He was not ignorant of the way of salvation; all he wanted was a definite surrender of himself to God, and this he now made unreservedly. After a few words of cheer and encouragement his soul came into liberty. What joy awaited his dear mother next morning, after the sleepless and anxious night she had passed.

'Now, Lord,' she said, 'I can trust my boy with thee anywhere!'

In due course he embarked on his voyage and arrived in safety at New Zealand. There he travelled about and had many opportunities of testifying for God and telling about salvation, which was too much neglected in these parts.

The physician had told him that, if his health improved by the end of the year he might return to England.

Accordingly he came home, and spent many happy years in the Lord's service, joyfully following, and by his life recommending him to others. He was especially led to care for young men who he knew were wasting their lives in dissipation and folly. He could speak feelingly to such, and warn them to take heed from his own case. Testimonies of this kind are better often than doctrines and precepts.—Rev. W. Halam, in 'The Christian.'

A Girl's Influence.

('Christian Herald.')

Not long ago I heard a girl defend a man for a course of conduct which was, to say the least, open to much criticism, if not really censurable. Her inexperience, perhaps, made her confident, for the expression of her opinion, that one cannot hold a man to the same rigid standards of right living which are demanded of a woman, was unqualified. An older friend challenged the position taken by the young girl, and in a few sentences showed her that right and wrong are the same for human beings, whatever their surroundings, that a man, equally with a woman, is bound to live soberly, honestly, and in the fear of God.

What I want to impress upon girls is a feeling that their influence for good or ill on the characters and lives of men is potential and far-reaching. A girl cannot condone vice in her associates. She must not have loosely elastic notions as to what her brothers and cousins and the men she meets socially may do without reproach. The truth is that a man has no license beyond that accorded to a woman, and good men and good women do not need license. There is abundant liberty for all right-minded and right-deeded persons, within the safe and sacred circle of divine and human law.

A girl exercises her influence, first and most strongly, by simply being good herself. By good I mean all that the term implies: truthful, sincere, virtuous, Christian. Such a girl goes on her way as Una with her lion. Evil does not touch her, for her garments are white. Sin, profanity, intemperance, are repelled, and shun her presence.

We will take an example: it may be bible-reading, or church-going, or attendance on the mid-week prayer-meeting. The young girl who always, as naturally as the flower blooms, takes her stand on the highest plane, as to these things, creates around her a sweet atmosphere which has its magical effect on those whom she meets. One such girl will uplift a whole set of young people, holding them to that which is noble by the force of her own sweet consistency, although she may never say a word in blame or reprobation.

'Evelyn Archer is coming home from college,' said Ralph Earl to a friend. 'When Evelyn is here, nobody knows how she does it, but we all take more interest in good things. The young men go to church more regularly. The town puts on better manners. How one girl can manage to do so much nobody can tell, for she seems to be doing nothing, but there it is! A fellow would be ashamed to do anything mean when Evelyn Archer was around.'

Yet quiet Evelyn's only spell was that of one who communed with God and daily endeavored to let her light shine.

A girl's hand should never offer temptation to anyone. A girl's lips should never jest about sacred things. A girl's temper should be serene. A girl's friendship should be always among the honest and upright.

One great mistake which a girl sometimes makes, is in accepting attentions from and yielding her love to a man infirm of purpose, erring in practice, who assures her that her love will be his salvation. It never will. Jesus Christ may and will save the man who repents and forsakes his sins and begins a new life of trust and service. But the man who thus abjures his past and begins to follow Christ is not a weak sentimentalist, willing to crucify in her tenderest nature a woman who disapproves his conduct, but loves and tries to uplift him. Do not marry a man to reform him, my dear girl, but let him give proof of reformation before he even asks your love.

The suitor who is worth a woman's love should be worthy. So let him live that he may be the protector, not the drag-weight of the woman who becomes his wife.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that good men are rare, or that women have a monopoly of the virtues, for this would be manifestly unjust and untrue. But the influence of pure and earnest women should ever be for the elevation of the race and the enlightenment of society. 'Bear a lily in thy hand,' dear lady, and carry the Christ-life to men.—Margaret E. Sangster.

Reading to Purpose.

One is sometimes asked by young people to recommend a course of reading. My advice would be that they should confine themselves to the supreme books in whatever literature, or, still better, choose some one great author, and make themselves thoroughly familiar with him. For, as all roads lead to Rome, so do they likewise lead away from it, and you will find that in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any vital piece of literature, you will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to excursions and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and find yourselves scholars before you are aware. For remember that there is nothing less profitable than scholarship, nor anything more wearisome in the attainment. But the moment you have a definite aim, attention is quickened, the mother of memory, and all that you acquire groups and arranges itself in an order that is lucid, because everywhere and always it is in intelligent relation to a central object of constant and growing interest. —James Russell Lowell.

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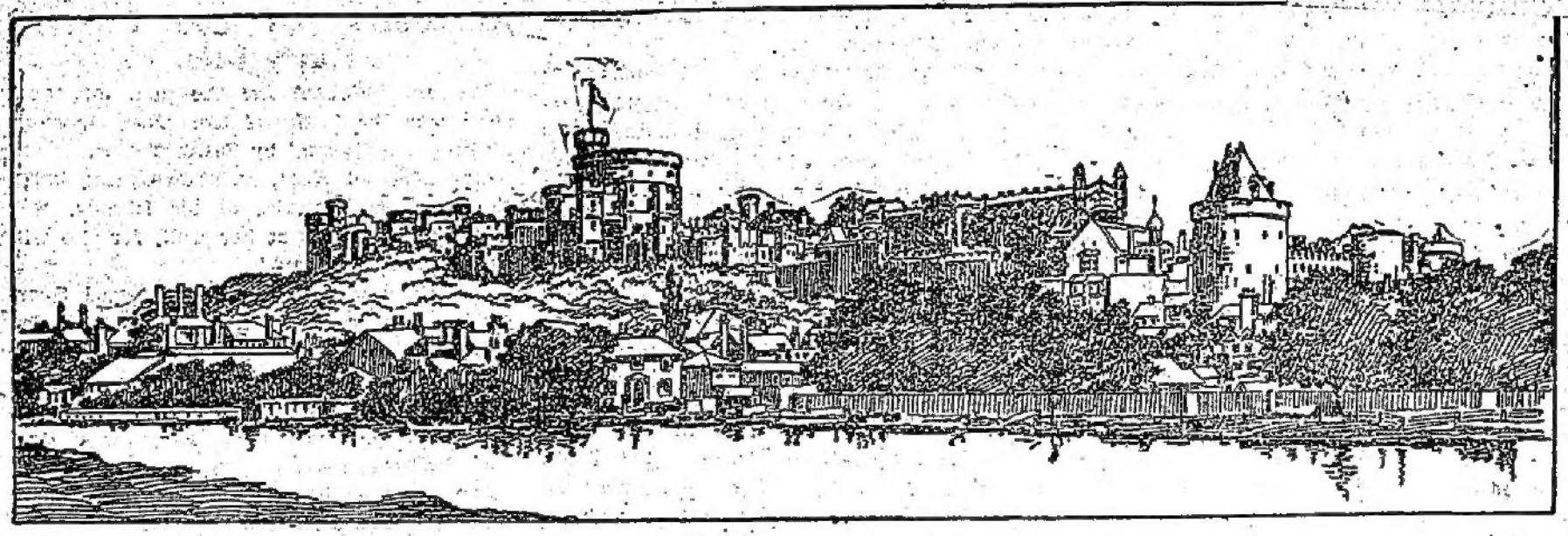

Queen Victoria.

'Christian Herald.'

The Queen's reign has been called the 'Augustan period of England,' because of the country's unprecedented progress. Let us hope and earnestly pray that the Victorian era of England may not be like the Augustan era of Rome (that of the reign of the Emperor Augustus, from B.C. 27 to A.D. 14) —the pinnacle of its glory, after which commenced the Empire's decline.

Queen Victoria is the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of King George III., her mother being the Princess Victoria Mary Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and widow of the Prince of Leiningen. The numerous children of George III.—fifteen in number—had not, at the time of the Princess Charlotte's death in 1817, a single child who, according to the constitution of England, could inherit the throne, so that upon the birth—in Kensington Palace, on May 24, 1819—of the Princess Victoria, there was great rejoicing throughout the country, for the people were not prepared for a new dynasty, whose head would be a foreigner. After her birth, there seemed for a time a likelihood of her succession being displaced, since the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) had a daughter born on December 20, 1820, but as this daughter died on March 4, 1821, the succession reverted to the Princess Victoria.

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

H.R.H. ALBERT EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES.

The winter of 1819 setting in very severely, the Duke and Duchess of Kent decided upon spending the winter with their infant daughter at Sidmouth, whither they arrived on Christmas Eve. After being there a few days the Duke caught a severe cold, inflammation on the chest followed, and fever set in, which, notwithstanding all the doctors could do, carried him off on January 23, 1820. His body, accompanied by the Duchess and her fatherless daughter, was taken to Kensington. On that same day, January 29, the King, George III., expired, and a few days later the two bodies were consigned to the Royal vaults beneath St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It will not be out of place here to remark that a few evenings before the Duke left Kensington Palace for Sidmouth, he desired a clergyman, who was visiting him, to give his daughter his blessing, and added, with emotion, 'Don't pray simply that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father; but pray that God's blessing may rest on her; that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God.' That this prayer has been answered, the past seventy years can testify.

H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.
'Our Future King.'

Before the Princess was eleven years old she had three narrow escapes of her life. While at Sidmouth with her parents, a boy was shooting birds, when one discharge went through the window of the nursery and passed close by the head of the infant Princess. In 1822, when just three years old, she was seated in a pony carriage in Kensington Garden, when a large dog came out of the water with a stick in its mouth, and ran under the horse's forelegs, causing it to plunge and otherthrow the carriage, the child being thrown out head downwards, and would have been crushed beneath the carriage had not a soldier, who happened to be near, caught hold of her dress and swung her into his arms before she touched the ground. Again, when the Princess was about eleven years old, she was making an excursion in the royal yacht, when the vessel collided with another with such a shock that her sail and gaff were falling on the deck where she was standing, when a sailor seeing her peril, sprang forward and caught her in his arms, and so, probably, rescued her from death.

H.R.H. GEORGE FREDERICK DUKE OF YORK.

On the death of George IV., in 1830, the Duke of Clarence ascended the throne as William IV.; and as the Duke had no children, the Princess Victoria stood next in direct succession.

In July, 1834, the Princess was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Chapel Royal, and on the Sunday following she received her first Communion in the chapel at Kensington Palace.

On May 24, 1837, the Princess attained her eighteenth year, and her legal majority was celebrated with great rejoicings. It is said that one of the first to congratulate the Prin-

cess on that happy event was her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, who, a few years later, became her husband.

After the Queen's accession to the throne in 1837, her time was occupied with her state and social duties, but she would not allow them to interfere with her religious ones. . One Saturday night in the first year of her reign, one of her Cabinet Ministers came at a late hour with documents of great importance, which he said must be inspected on the morrow. She reminded him that the morrow was Sunday; but to this he replied that the business of the State would not admit of delay. The Queen deferred the matter till the morrow,and in the meantime wrote to the clergyman who was to take the service of the morrow, asking him to take for his subject, 'The Duties and Obligations of the Sabbath.' When she saw the Court Minister after the service, she told him that the sermon had been delivered at her request, and in consequence nothing more was said about the State papers that day.

The coronation took place in Westminster Abbey on June 28, 1838. Of those who took part in that brilliant ceremony, how few are still alive! At the close of the prolonged service princes and nobles approached the throne to pay homage to their young sovereign.

During a visit of the young Prince Albert of Coburg-Gotha to England in 1837, and more especially at his second visit in 1839, a mutual affection grew up between his royal cousin and himself, and on February 10, 1840, Her Majesty was married to him.

Quiet happiness and contentment marked the even flow of Queen Victoria's married life. The good and wise husband made it his aim in life to be of the greatest possible use to his wife, and lightened all the cares of State by his helpful companionship. As years passed on, and one by one the children made their appearance in the Royal nursery, the English people rejoiced to see a Royal household conducted so differently from those of her immediate predecessors. On and around the English throne, domestic virtues were conspicuous, and the national loyalty, no longer a mere political principle, grew into a feeling of warm personal regard for Victoria and Albert.

The year 1831 was rendered memorable by the Great Exhibition—the first of its kind—when, mainly through the persistent labors of Prince Albert, 'all nations' flocked to London to vie in the peaceful rivalries of industry and art. During the same year, on returning from a visit to Scotland, the Queen visited Liverpool and Manchester. At the latter city she was delighted with the long rows of mill-workers 'dressed in their best, ranged along the streets with white rosettes in their button-holes.' But in Peel Park the crowning incident of the day took place. In this place were collected 82,000 Sunday-school children of all denominations. An address was presented to the Queen, and then the whole of that vast crowd sang in unison, 'God Save the Queen!'

In 1854 came the Crimean War. The Queen and her subjects were in deep sympathy whilst the British soldiers were suffering in the trenches before Sebastopol. Her Majesty wrote strongly to the General in command about the needless privations her soldiers were experiencing through a want of proper care and management. The Queen's anxieties were so great that her health suffered in consequence. Peace came in 1856. In the following year Princess Beatrice, the last of her children, was born. In 1858 her eldest daughter was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the late Emperor of Germany, and father of the present Emperor.

In March, 1861, the beloved mother of our Queen, the Duchess of Kent, departed this life. Although that aged mother was seventy-five years of age, and had long been in failing health, the event was a sad blow to the Queen.

Early in December the same year (1861), the Prince was attacked by typhoid fever, under which he rapidly sank until, late in the evening of Saturday, December 14, 1861, he breathed his last. Previous to this his physician expressed the hope that he would be better in a few days, but the Prince replied, 'No, I shall not recover, but I am not taken by surprise.' It seemed for a time as if the Queen's grief would overwhelm her. Gradually there came an increase of strength and calm resignation. She declared to her family that though she felt crushed by the loss of one who had been her companion through life, she knew how much was expected of her, and she accordingly looked to heaven for assistance, in order that she might do her duty to the country.

In March, 1863, the Prince of Wales was married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The Queen warmly welcomed her to her heart, and she at once became a favorite alike of the Royal Family and the nation. Towards the close of 1872 the Queen and her people were united in a common anxiety by the illness of the Prince of Wales. For a long time he hovered between life and death, but on December 14—the anniversary of his father's death—the long-hoped-for improvement set in. A few weeks afterwards, the convalescent Prince, seated by his rejoicing mother's side in a State carriage, was driven to St. Paul's Cathedral, where 13,000 persons joined in a solemn service of thanksgiving to the Almighty for his recovery.

On New Year's Day, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi and other Indian cities, with great ceremony.

The Queen had another great sorrow on December 14, 1877, in the death of her beloved daughter, the Princess Alice of Hesse, from diphtheria, while nursing her own children, who were suffering from it.

From the time of the death of the Prince Consort the Queen has not often appeared in public. The most notable exception of this was on May 21, 1887, the former Jubilee of her reign.

On this occasion a splendid cavalcade, in which were the Queen's sons and daughters, with their husbands and wives and many of their children, proceeded from Buckingham Palace through crowded and decorated streets to Westminster Abbey, amidst the loyal cheers of the people, to offer thanks to God.

The Queen has for the last few years suffered much from rheumatism, and now finds a difficulty in walking; but apart from that, her health is good. The history of the expansion of the British Empire during the reign of Victoria would occupy many volumes, even if told with the most unadorned conciseness. The transition from stage coaches to flying express trains, from old-time sailing vessels to our present fast steamers; the rise of the postal, telegraphic, and telephonic systems, electric light, etc., are a few evidences of the remarkable change which the country has seen. The political, social, and moral expansion of England has been equally great and remarkable, and the Queen has helped to impart a dignity to the conduct of our affairs which all nations recognise. More heartily than ever do her subjects join in the prayer, 'God save the Queen!'

Anecdotes of the Queen's Early Life.

We are indebted for the most of these stories to the 'Life of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen,' by Sarah Tytler.

The Duke of Kent, on showing his baby, the Princess Victoria, to his friends, was wont to say, 'Look at her well, for she will be Queen of England.'

The King wanted her to be named Georgiana. Her father wished her to be called Elizabeth, because it was a favorite name among English people; but her uncle, the Prince Regent, insisted that she should be called Alexandrina after the Emperor of Russia. Victoria, her mother's name, was added as an afterthought, but 'Little Drina' was her name through all her early years.

'Little Drina' was the first member of the royal family that was vaccinated; and soon after this had been done she was taken by her father and mother to Sidmouth on the coast of Devon. Here the baby had a very narrow escape of being shot in her own nursery. A young man went out to shoot small birds, and was so unskilful in the use of his gun, that the shot went through the cottage windows, and passed quite close to 'Little Drina's' head, who was in her nurse's arms at the time. Shortly after this, the Duke went out for a walk, and returned home very wet, but could not be persuaded to change his clothes before running up to the nursery to see that his little girl was safe. 'Little Drina' was eight months old at the time, and knew her father the moment she saw him. She kicked and crowed with delight, and the Duke stayed with her a few minutes; and, sad to say, that few minutes cost him his life. The damp clothes were changed too late. A violent cold was taken, inflammation of the lungs set in, and 'Little Drina' was fatherless and her mother a widow. The Duke of Kent was buried, according to the custom of the time, by torchlight, on the night of the 12th of February, at Windsor.

Very lonely must the poor Duchess of Kent have felt, for she was almost a stranger in England; but she and her husband had often talked over the future of their little girl, and she knew how he wished her to be brought up.

Victoria was to be educated carefully and religiously as a simple English lady. Her father had always taken great interest in every philanthropic movement for the benefit of the people, and at the time of his death was officially connected with sixty-two societies, having for their object some noble or religious work.

As soon as the child was old enough, the Duchess used to read a few verses to her every day, and taught her to say her prayers at her own knees. Indeed, 'Little Drina' was left but very seldom to the care of servants. There was no nursery breakfast in that household, but the child's bread and milk and fruit was served at eight o'clock in the morning beside her mother's; and in the summer-time breakfast was often placed out on the lawn facing the windows, where they could hear the songs of the birds, or talk about the flowers that were blooming all round.

When the Princess was older, and lessons and play alternated with each other, she was taught to attend to the thing in hand, and finish what she had begun, both in her studies and games. One day she was amusing herself making a little haycock, when some other occupation caught her volatile fancy, and she flung down her small rake to rush off to the fresh attraction. 'No, no, Princess; you must always complete what you have commenced,' said her governess, and the small haymaker had to conclude her

(Continued on second to last page.)

BOYS AND GIRLS

Queen Victoria.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE CROWN.

(By Janet Sanderson, in 'Boston Congregationalist.')

'England's little Mayflower,' Victoria was called, for she was born in the month of May, 1819. The mother and baby were always together. As soon as the child could sit alone she took her dinners on a small table by her mother's side, and she slept in a little bed by her mother's all the years of her childhood.

'Dear Boppy,' the nurse, was also assiduous in the care of her royal charge who, at five years of age, is described as a fair, lovely child with soft hair, frank blue eyes and a countenance which bespeaks perfect health and good temper. Many were the romps Victoria and 'dear Boppy' had about her palace home in the Kensington Gardens, and here she used to ride a donkey gaily decked out with blue ribbons, and call to the passers-by a cheery 'Good morning.' At Malvern she is remembered as a youthful romp who delighted in climbing trees and walls, and at Tunbridge Wells the old people still tell of how Victoria rode her donkey at a free canter along the lanes and over the downs.

PRINCESS VICTORIA RIDING HER DONKEY IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

She must have been a clever child, for her grandmother wrote, just after Victoria had visited her Uncle, George IV., who was delighted with her charming manners: 'The little monkey must have pleased and amused him, she is such a pretty, clever child.'

Her education went steadily on. Great attention was paid to faithfulness in the 'little' duties of life and rectitude in the smallest details were enforced. She was drilled in economy and had her allowance money, and she was expected to make it suffice. Many a time we find she had the moral courage to say, 'No, I can't afford it.'

The best of teachers and the constant companionship of a noble mother developed the mind and formed the character of the future queen. She was taught all that befitted her station, and had a wide knowledge of history and the bible, law, politics, modern languages, classics, painting and music. She excelled in archery, and to all these were added a natural courage, modesty, simplicity and candor.

It would seem that a special providence watched over this royal child, for we so often read of the many dangers from which her life had been almost miraculously preserved. When she was thirteen years old a magnificent ball was given in her honor to which all the children of the nobility were invited, and it is said that she charmed everybody by her sweet, childish dignity.

It must have been an especially eventful day in her life when her confirmation took place at sixteen years of age, for she knew and realized the great destiny before her, and during the archbishop's tender and solemn address in which he spoke of duties attaching to a princess of her high degree, and only by the help of the Almighty Ruler of the universe could she hope to discharge them, she was so deeply moved that she laid her head upon her mother's breast and sobbed aloud.

There were many suitors for the hand of the royal maiden, but her heart went out to none till her destined prince appeared when she was seventeen years old when the two, Prince Albert and Princess Victoria, who were to be eternally united, met for the first time.

Victoria's eighteenth birthday was celebrated in London and throughout the country with great enthusiasm. She was awakened at seven o'clock by a serenade under her window.

Spring renews its golden dreams,
Sweet birds carol 'neath each spray;
Shed, O sun! thy milder beams
On the fairest flower of May.

Lightly o'er our early rose,
Angels pure, your wings display;
When the storm of sorrow blows,
Shield the fairest flower of May.

From morn till evening the great world moved towards Kensington Palace. Birthday gifts were countless. Fetes, illuminations and all sorts of holiday doings were indulged in; the king gave a ball at which for the first time Victoria took precedence of her mother and sat in the chair of state.

But happy girlhood was taking leave of the princess. She was to be taken from the carefully guarded home and thrown into the great world of rule and politics. On June 30, 1837, at five o'clock in the morning, a carriage and four dashed up to the great central avenue to Kensington Palace. The two grave men in the carriage, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, came to call a queen to the throne of her ancestors. After waiting a few moments the door of the apartment opened and the princess came in, wrapped in a loose morning robe with slippers on her bare feet. On being told of the king's death she looked towards the archbishop and said in touching tones, 'I ask your prayers on my behalf.'

At eleven o'clock the council met, and Victoria took her seat at the head of the table. She wore a plain mourning robe, her hair dressed in close bands about her forehead and in a tight coil at the back of her head, and in this simple style this girl of eighteen, 'who,' as Carlyle puts it, 'at an age when in ordinary circumstances she would hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, was called upon to discharge responsibilities from which an archangel might have shrunk,' assumed the government of an empire.

Nothing in her aspect and demeanor caused more astonishment than her self-possession. She conducted herself with the dignity which proceeds from self-possession and deliberation. After her accession followed the proclamation, and then came the dissolution of parliament, when Victoria as queen appeared in a crimson velvet robe trimmed with gold and ermine, ablaze with diamonds. On her arms were diamond bracelets and on the left arm the badge of the Order of the Garter. Concerning the Garter, it is told that the young sovereign asked the Duke of Norfolk with an expression of perplexity, 'But, my Lord Duke, where am I to wear the Garter?' No one could see a way out of the difficulty until the duke remembered a picture of Queen Anne in which the Garter is on the left arm. On this occasion the Queen made her first speech, of which Charles Summer wrote: 'I was astonished and delighted. Her voice is sweet and finely modulated, and she pronounced every word distinctly and with a just regard to the meaning. I think I never heard anything better in my life than her speech.'

The coronation at Westminster Abbey took place a year later, and henceforth the girlhood of the queen was a beautiful memory of the past.

His Promise.

By Annie Haynes.

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

'I have had a sad case this afternoon,' said Dr. Ross, as he came into his dining-room and threw himself into his easy chair. 'Just give me a cup of tea quickly, my dear, I have a consultation at five.'

Mrs. Ross put down her knitting. 'Have you, John; I am sorry to hear that; who is it?'

The doctor lay back in his chair, 'You have heard of Mallock, the atheist,' he said. 'I daresay you have seen a report of the meeting he held here last night. Well, he has one daughter, a child of about nine; this afternoon she fell downstairs backwards injuring her spine very seriously indeed, I am afraid, but I have telegraphed Sir Spencer Blake, the great authority on spinal complaint, so we shall see what he says about it.'

'Poor child!' said Mrs. Ross. 'Is she in much pain?'

'No, very little,' said the doctor. 'And that to my mind is one of the worst symptoms. It is pitiable to see her father's distress; it is very evident they are all in all to each other.'

'What sort of a man is he' asked Mrs. Ross. 'Of course I have often heard him spoken of. He is a very bad man, is he not?'

'Well, at present his worst enemy might pity him,' answered her husband. 'He is in such a state of distress about his child. Of course I know very little of him, but his face interests me somehow. He looks like a man who has suffered and thought, poor fellow. I wonder how he came to be an atheist! Well my dear, I must be off,' finishing his tea as he spoke. 'I will tell you more about him when I come back, and I hope Sir Spencer's verdict may be more favorable than I expect.'

An hour later he came in again, looking very grave. 'Now, John! you must have a proper tea,' said his wife, 'or I shall have you ill.'

'I have not time for tea now, dear,' he answered, hurriedly. 'Mary, I have come to take you to my little patient. Yes!' as she looked amazed, 'poor Mallock's child. It is a case for womanly help and sympathy, if ever there was one.'

'I will come, of course, if you like, John,' Mrs. Ross responded, meekly. 'But what am I to do?'

'Why,' he said, 'it is a sad case altogether. Blake's opinion is that is is quite hopeless; the child probably will not last till morning. I have just told Mallock, and he is in dreadful grief; he will not have a trained nurse; in fact, it is doubtful if we could get one from the infirmary to-night, they are so busy. They have no one with them, and poor Mallock must not be left alone all night with his dying child. In fact, it is a case for a good woman. I told him I should bring you.'

'What did he say?' inquired Mrs. Ross, timidly.

'Say! Why, he said, "I don't think she will come doctor, remember, I am 'Mallock, the atheist.'" Poor fellow, it made me feel quite ashamed. Queer lot of Christians he must have met. I told him quickly my wife was not one of that sort; so put on your things, my dear, and I will take you up.'

A few minutes later Mrs. Ross came downstairs ready dressed. 'Shall I take anything with me, John?'

'No! No! my dear. They have all they want except a little sympathy and kindness.'

Mrs. Ross felt decidedly nervous as they approached the hotel; she had made a mental picture of 'Mallock, the atheist,' and the prospect of so soon seeing him was not reassuring. The doctor took her straight upstairs, bade her lay aside her bonnet and mantle in the little dressing-room, and then opened the bed-room door. 'Well, Mr. Mallock,' he said, quietly, 'I have brought my wife.'

'It is very kind of you and of her,' a grave but not unpleasant voice replied, and Mrs. Ross found herself face to face with 'Mallock, the atheist.' Her first thought was how unlike he was to the idea she had formed of him; he was, as she saw, a dark, grave man, but looking young for his thirty-five years. Her next was how sad and grief-stricken he seemed; Mrs. Ross's kind heart went out to him at once.

'How is my little patient,' she said, clasping his hand. His voice trembled as he tried to answer her, and she turned to the bed where the little fair-haired girl lay. The doctor looked at her, too, and then turned away.

'Well! well!' he said, 'I will leave you to get better acquainted; I will come back in an hour or two.'

As he went out of the room, Mrs. Ross noticed an open book on the bed and, to her amazement, saw it was a Testament. Involuntarily she glanced at Mr. Mallock.

He answered her look. 'It is years since I opened that book, Mrs. Rose, but to-night Daisy asked me to read it to her, and I could not refuse one of her last requests.'

'Then she is not ——' and Mrs. Ross paused.

'When her mother died she made me promise her that Daisy should have liberty to read it if she wished.'

Then Daisy's voice broke in. 'Will you go on reading, Daddy?'

He bent over her tenderly. 'I think this lady will read it to you now, Daisy, and I will hold you in my arms again; then, perhaps, you will feel easier.'

Daisy gave a contented sigh as she nestled down. 'That is nice, Daddy.' Then, as Mrs. Ross took the book she said, 'About the Good Shepherd, please,' adding courteously, 'It is very kind of you to read to me.'

Mrs. Ross read the parable and another chapter. When she stopped Daisy said:

'I like that about the Good Shepherd carrying the little tired lambs best. It is like you holding me, is it not, Daddy? It rests me so.'

'Does your back hurt you now, my darling?'

'No! Daddy, dear, only I am so tired.'

A happy thought came to Mrs. Ross. 'Would you like me to sing to you, dear?' she asked. 'then perhaps you would get to sleep.'

'Oh, please do,' Daisy said.

Mrs. Ross began in her sweet voice, a little tremulous now, 'Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep.'

'Again, please,' the little tired voice said drowsily, when she had finished. Mrs. Ross sang it once more, and then she saw Daisy had fallen asleep. A few minutes more and the doctor came in. He looked at the child, and then sat down opposite his wife.

'Any better?' she queried, softly.

He shook his head and rose as Daisy moved.

'My darling,' her father said tenderly. She looked up at him and tried to answer him, but almost as she tried to speak she sank into unconsciousness. From that time one fainting fit followed another, and each time it became more difficult to restore her. At last, towards morning it was evident the end was near.

'Daddy, dear,' she murmured, 'I think the Good Shepherd will soon come for me, don't you?'

Her father steadied his voice to answer: 'I think your pain will soon be over, darling.'

She seemed restless. 'Sing, please.' And once more the old hymn sounded in the sick room; there was a minute's silence, and then Daisy said in a clear voice,

'The Good Shepherd will come for you, too, Daddy.'

They were her last words, a deep-drawn breath told Dr. Ross that Daisy was indeed safe, folded in the arms of the Good Shepherd. Very gently the doctor took her from her father's arms and laid her on the bed, then signed to his wife to leave the room.

* * * * * *

A few days later when little Daisy had been laid to rest beside her mother, her father came to say good-bye to Mrs. Ross.

'How can I ever thank you,' he said, brokenly, 'for your kindness to my child?'

Mrs. Ross put out her hands to him and there were tears in her eyes.

'I shall be far more than repaid for anything I may have done,' she said, 'if you will make me one promise.'

'Anything in the world, dear Mrs. Ross.'

'Then will you promise me once more to read the bible, and at least see if it is not possible for you, too, to enter into the fold of the Good Shepherd?'

He walked away and looked through the window a minute. When he turned, he said, abruptly—

'That is a hard thing, Mrs. Ross. How can I believe in the Good Shepherd? Would such a one have taken my child from me?'

'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' said Mrs. Ross, softly. Then, as he held out his hand to her, 'I claim your promise, Mr. Mallock.'

'For your sake and little Daisy's, you have it,' he replied 'Good bye, dear Mrs. Ross; never shall I forget your kindness.'

'Good-bye and God bless you Mr. Mallock, and may he bring you to the knowledge of his truth.'

The tears were in Mrs. Ross's eyes as she saw him leave the house, and she knelt down and prayed for him that he might, indeed, enter the fold, and become one of the flock of the Good Shepherd.

For a long time it seemed as if her prayer was not to be answered, and then, when hope was almost dead, she had a note in the well-known writing. Just the words—

'I have kept my promise, dear friend, and he has opened my eyes.—Your ever grateful,

'Hugh Mallock.'

Two more years passed and then Mrs. Ross heard from him again. This time it was to tell her that, having no kindred or ties in England he felt himself specially marked out for his Master's service in the mission-field, and to ask for her prayers on his behalf.

He went to the West Coast of Africa, and there, through his instrumentality, many were added to the faith which once he denied, and there in time to come he sealed his faith with his blood, being cruelly tortured and then put to death by the native chiefs in one of their numerous attacks on the mission station. No stone marks the spot in that far-off land, where he who was once Mallock, the atheist, lies, but his memory lives in many a convert's heart, and beneath the palm trees he lies and there, 'after life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'—'S.S. Times' (English).

The best way to give people an appetite for the table of God is to show them what is on it.—'Word and Work.'

An Experiment That Paid.

(By Jennie S. Smith.)

'My dear people,' the pastor added, after a missionary sermon that was delivered with even more than his wonted earnestness, 'we have fallen short considerably in our missionary collections for the year. Let each of us, old and young, try to make up the deficiency. I never knew a child who couldn't do something for this cause if the effort were really made. But we must settle the matter with our own conscience. That will tell us what we can afford to give for the Lord's work.'

That afternoon the subject was taken up by the superintendent of the Sabbath-school and dilated upon by the teachers, and thus it happened that the question, 'What can I do in the matter?' came to the members of Miss Drew's class with a force that demanded attention.

'I don't know what I can do,' Lilian Broderick said, in answer to a direct appeal, 'I can never save a cent. My allowance goes as fast as I get it, and all I have managed to accomplish so far is to do my share toward the regular church and Sunday-school collections.'

Miss Drew understood Lilian thoroughly. She knew that although the girl was kind-hearted and generous almost to a fault, she also spent more money in unnecessary trifles than did any other scholar in the class. She believed, too, that all of her girls could do something toward paying off the debt if they really tried, and she thought of a plan that might help them along.

'We have been requested to make an extra effort,' she said in answer to Lilian's confession, 'and believing that a good deal can be done when we really set out to do it, I should like to try an experiment.'

Then she handed each of the girls a small box on which these words were written:—'Resolved, when tempted to spend money foolishly, to put it in the missionary box.'

'But the question is, What would you call foolish spending?' asked Nina Gray, seriously; 'there is such a difference of opinion in regard to what is necessary.'

'We must answer that question for ourselves. You are all intelligent girls, and have, I believe, a goodly share of sound, common sense. Besides, you have an inward monitor to consult. You understand best what you need to spend. I can't settle that matter for you. Now, are you all willing to try the experiment and sign the resolution?'

Why, yes, every member of the class was quite willing to sign the resolution, but the majority of them were inclined to believe that they never spent money foolishly. 'I scarcely have any to spend at all,' remarked Jeannette Thayer, the poorest girl of the number. 'My mother buys my clothes, and I am not apt to have the handling of money.'

'Of course we are not to be called to account for what we haven't,' were Miss Drew's parting words; 'but, girls, I want you to be true to yourselves in keeping this resolution.'

The following afternoon Lilian Broderick and her friend, Nellie Burns, happened to be passing through a railway station. There was the customary 'put-a-cent-in-the-slot' machine, 'and take out tutti frutti chewing gum,' and Lilian turned to obey the request.

Before she could accomplish her purpose Nellie's hand detained her and Nellie's voice said, 'Don't, Lilian.'

The girl looked around in surprise, and inquired, 'Why not? Have you, too, turned against chewing gum? I heard that Rosa loud had.'

'Yes, I have. The fact is, I happened to hear two men saying the other day that if girls knew how they looked going around chewing gum, they would never acquire the disgusting habit. They believed it lowered them to the level of animals, and was as bad as boys chewing tobacco. I never before thought how it appeared to other people, but I haven't chewed a bit since. However, it wasn't so much on that account that I stopped you. I thought of our resolution. I couldn't stand quietly by and see you break it.'

'It would be spending money foolishly, wouldn't it?' assented Lilian; 'but the amount—I should almost be ashamed to put a cent in the box.'

'Why so? It would be a beginning, you know, and then you've promised.'

Lilian couldn't deny that fact, so when she returned home she dropped into the missionary box the cent that she had saved. 'Poor little cent!' she said, with a smile, 'you must be lonely in there. I would throw in a ten-cent piece to keep you company, only I want to see how much I am tempted to spend foolishly. If it proves to be a small amount I can add to it afterwards, perhaps.'

The next time that Lilian found herself about to indulge in a useless expenditure of money, she was going past the ferry house and noticed a friend inside at the further end. Ever ready for a pleasant chat with those she loved, she concluded that she would pay the fare and go in, for otherwise she would not be allowed to enter. Just as she took the three cents in her hand the thought came to her, 'I suppose this would be spending money foolishly, for I don't need to talk to Clara now. She will be sure to call before the day is out and then I can say all that is necessary.'

And Lilian resolutely turned her back on the ferry house and went home to put the three cents in her missionary box.

Up to this time Jeannette Thayer's box had remained empty. Not once had she caught herself spending money foolishly, for she had no money to spend. Jeannette never suffered for any of the necessaries of life, but she wished sometimes that she could have a little spare change like many of her companions did. 'There is so much that I could do with even a small amount,' she said to herself one day, and as if in answer to this desire, she found a fifty-cent piece lying on the road that very afternoon. There were no houses near and no people around at the time, so Jeanette hadn't any way of finding the owner. In that case it belonged to her, she knew, but she kept it for a few days to see if anybody seemed to be looking for it. Then she began to wonder which she would get of the many things for which she had longed. She thought over each article separately, and concluded she had no especial need for any of them. Now that she could really buy something, they didn't appear so desirable after all. 'I must do the very best I can with the money,' she reflected, 'for it may be some time before I have any more.'

Once during that time of indecision she thought of her missionary box, but only to determine that as she hadn't been tempted yet to spend the money foolishly, there was no reason why it should be used for that purpose. Finally she made up her mind. Around the corner was a photographer who took tin types, six for fifty cents. Jeannette had often looked at his sign and longed to be a customer. A short time before the whole family had been taken in a group, but the girl had never had any of her pictures to give to her own particular friends, for the few that were taken had been claimed by relations. Now was her chance. So after fixing herself up with more than usual care she started around to the photographer's. She set off eagerly, but somehow when she arrived at the door she hesitated about going in. The idea of having her picture taken didn't seem like such a good one, after all. 'It's rather foolish, too,' she began to say to herself; 'tin types are not usually decent, and besides no one really needs my picture, and—well, I declare, I have actually caught myself in the act of spending money foolishly, and that piece must go in the missionary box.'

Jeannette laughed softly to herself as she turned to go home, and she felt glad of the decision she had made, for the weighty question was no longer on her mind, and then, too, she would not be compelled to take the box empty to her teacher.

On the way she met Laura Pardee. Laura was another of Miss Drew's scholars, and as she also was much interested in the missionary-box experiment, it was natural that the subject should be discussed by the two girls.

'It is wonderful how much money people spend foolishly when they are not thinking about it,' Laura went on; 'why, several times I have stopped myself buying little things that I didn't need at all, only they just happened to take my fancy at the time. I have saved twenty-five cents, and it does me more good to know that it is in the missionary box than it would if I had spent it for all those things. Do you know, I think this is an experiment that pays, for besides making up the deficiency, we are beginning to consider our own actions more.'

Then Jeannette told how she had saved her fifty cents, and Laura related the experiences of one of two other girls with whom she had talked. In the midst of the conversation Lilian Broderick came along and inquired, 'What are you two having such a good time about?'

'About our missionary boxes,' answered Laura. 'How is your's getting along?'

'Famously. It's been the best accuser that I ever had. I wouldn't have believed that I so often spent money foolishly if I hadn't started out to try this experiment. Why, girls, I have been a regular spendthrift, and the money went mostly in such little bits that I never noticed it going. I have saved forty cents already, and I have been thinking how much I must have spent before we tried this plan. It's really wicked, and I'm going to be on the lookout after this, for in a year I could save quite a sum out of my allowance, and yet enjoy myself all I need to. And what do you think? Mamma and papa are trying it, too, and they have saved a good deal. Papa is apt to be very thoughtless about little sums of money, and I suppose I inherited the trait from him. Well, good-by, I see somebody at our front door, and I must hurry along, for I really believe it is Clara Desmond.'

It was Clara, and she soon learned from Lilian all the facts about the missionary-box experiment, for Clara was not in Miss Drew's class, although she attended the same Sabbath-school that her friend did. In the course of half an hour she became as enthusiastic over the matter as Lilian herself, and she went home with a determination to have that kind of a missionary box in her own room. Somehow the idea spread rapidly after that day, and when the time arrived for the special missionary collection the good pastor was surprised at the amount given.

'I believe it is all owing to Miss Drew's experiment,' remarked the superintendent, and then he was called upon to explain, for the idea had not yet reached the parsonage. 'And Miss Drew's class did nobly,' he said in conclusion. 'They brought in the largest amount. My niece, Laura, is

in the class, and she told me all about it. She remarked that she thought it was an experiment that pays, and I agreed with her.'

'Yes, indeed, and so do I,' the pastor said, heartily, 'it will pay in more ways than we can imagine.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Suggestions to Girls.

(By Adelia J. Scholes.)

James Russell Lowell speaks of 'earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.'

Of course every girl whose outlook upon life is from a right point of view will desire to attain as nearly as possible that true womanhood which the poet had in mind. And surely every such girl will be willing to be reminded of some of the essential traits which go to make up this true womanhood. Therefore I shall hope to be forgiven calling attention to one or two of these character stepping-stones.

A fundamental attribute, one of chief importance, a quality to be diligently cultivated, is reverence—first, reverence for God and for all sacred things. The irreverence for our heavenly father, for his house, and for the holy Sabbath which is frequently exhibited by both old and young is truly shocking; and such lack of veneration is a hindrance to the development to true womanly qualities. I pray you, girls, cultivate reverence for God, for his holy day, and for his sanctuary. Cultivate also a becoming reverence for God for parents and parental authority.

Again, I would exhort you to acquire and cherish great reverence for the glorious state of womanhood. Shun in your girlhood everything that would tarnish that honorable estate. Keep your future in view, and never forget that as a prospective true woman it is your duty at all times to be a lady. This will preclude the unseemly conduct so prevalent with girls to-day, such as loud talking and laughing, use of slang, loitering in the streets, rude familiarity with boy companions, etc. Every deviation from the path of rectitude leaves a blemish. The wrong may be repented and forgiven, but we can never be quite what we might have been had the error never been committed. 'The bird with a broken pinion never soars as high again.'

And as a helpful factor in promoting your growth in all womanly characteristics, I would have you strive to apprehend as clearly as you may the extent of, and your accountability for, your influence. Much is said of the influence of mothers, and most certainly it cannot easily be overestimated. But I want to tell you that girls, too, may yield an immeasurable power for good or evil. Shall your influence be uplifting or debasing? Boys are largely what their girl companions help them to be; and they are to be the men of the future; thus what those men shall be depends greatly upon the girls of to-day. If our schoolgirls could be organized into a 'Lift-up-Band,' whose object it should be to save brothers and companions from evil ways, the resulting good only the light of eternity could reveal. My girl readers, let your boy associates know that they can win and hold your esteem and the privilege of your society only by purity of life. You may thus exercise a potent influence against the evils which are surely and rapidly wrecking immortal souls.

Let me remind you, too, that your selection of companions in your girlhood will have great influence in determining the plane of your own life. Association with youths of inferior moral character will vitiate your social tastes, dull your moral perception, and make the attainment of a high type of womanhood very improbable. Therefore, now, in your formative days, hold yourselves to a high standard in your social relations, and so keep yourselves and your influence in that direction which will lead to superiority of character.

Finally, I urge you to learn and practice the invaluable art of thinking. Be not content to accept all your ideas ready-made. Closely allied in importance to the habit of reading is the habit of thinking. I mean, of course, right thinking. 'Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven.' If you would reach an ideal womanhood, you must be pure in thought as well as in word or deed.

In view, then, of your possibilities of development toward good or evil, strive continuously to grow toward purity and moral excellence. And in view of your possibilities of influence for good or evil, I entreat you, in the words of a good and wise man, 'Let the weight of your character press everyone it touches away from the wrong and into the right.' And so,

'May you wear your crown of womanhood
As something noble, grand, and good.'

—'The Church Advocate.'

Practising Before Preaching.

(By Sally Campbell.)

Van Reid stood on Marion Fuller's doorstep, with an open letter in his hand. They were evidently discussing its contents.

'It is a chance in a thousand,' said Van. 'If I take it, I can make my way easily. If I lose it, I shall probably hum-drum along till I die.'

'Oh, no!' said Marion. 'I hope not.'

'Grandfather is getting old, I know, and it does seem rather shabby to leave him. But he said he could manage without me.'

'Did he say how?' asked Marion; adding quickly, before there was time for an answer, 'Poor Van! It is hard for you. But you shall not be "shabby."'

'I am mightily tempted. I just long to go out into the world, and get to work at something worth while; to be right in the heart of "the strife," and "be a hero" in it, if I could,' with a show of spirit.

'What is a hero?' asked Marion.

'Why, a man that rushes into a burning building and carries the whole premises off to the next empty lot; and then goes around afterwards with his thumbs tied up in rags, while everybody gives him a triple cheer, and says, "did you ever!"'

They both laughed.

'I suppose,' said Van, reproachfully, 'you think I am ambitious for some such stuff as that.'

Marion smiled and shook her head.

'What is a hero?' asked Van in his turn.

Marion considered a minute.

'"Only an honest man doing his duty,"' she quoted, slowly.

Van stood silent, looking down at the letter in his hand. Then he burst out:

'Surely it isn't wrong, is it, to wish to be educated and given the opportunity to do the work that you were meant for? Is it right when the key to the future is put into your hand, to throw it away? I tell you, if I refuse these men I shall probably be a nobody all my life.'

'Then be a nobody,' said Marion, with spirit. 'Be one all your life and thank God for it. Listen! There was once a man who was promised a kingdom. God promised it to him when he was a lad. But it was years before it came to him, and then he only got part of it, and had to wait years for the rest. And it is wonderful to read how patiently he waited, how generous and forbearing he was in those fierce, fighting, vindictive times. He had his reward. For when at last he came to his throne, the bible says, that "David perceived that the Lord had made him king over Israel." There must have been a splendid satisfaction and inspiration in that; and it would be infinitely better for a man to perceive that the Lord had made him a hod-carrier, than that he had made himself the greatest of the great against God's plans.'

When, a little later, Van sat at table with his grandfather, he wondered that he had not noticed more how old, and wrinkled and bent he was. His mind went back to the day when his widowed, dying mother, with her only child, had come here to her father's house. He remembered how green and sunlit the broad country looked that morning, and his grandfather standing on the doorstep to receive them. Surely no welcome had ever been heartier than his. Van's thoughts travelled slowly over the road since then—a road always lighted with love and kindness. He had nearly reached the end of it, when his grandfather's voice interrupted him.

'Van,' said the old man, speaking a little wearily, perhaps—or perhaps Van imagined that he did—'I have been thinking of what you said yesterday'—

'Don't think of it, Grandfather,' Van broke in. 'I am not going away. I am going to stay right here, if you will keep me.'

'But it will never do to throw away such an outlook as that letter offers you. It may not come again.'

'Then I shall be a farmer, as plenty of better men have been before me. It is a good life, after all.'

His grandfather did not answer at once. Then he broke out, sorrowfully:

'It makes my old heart sore to stand in the way of your prospects, my boy.'

Van rose up hastily from his seat, and went round to his grandfather's chair. He laid his hand gently on his shoulder.

'Grandfather,' he said, with a little break in his clear young voice, 'every prospect I have ever had in this world, you gave me. All that you had has been mine. And it was just the same with the next world. I am going to be rich there, and it will be because you shared your treasure with me. God couldn't do better by any boy's prospects than to put him to live in the house with you. You must never say this again, Grandfather.'

So Van wrote and declined the promising city offer. Then he went cheerfully to work on the farm; and the days and weeks and months piled themselves up into years: years that were filled with ploughing and reaping and hard physical toil, and that gave no hope of anything different. Van was settling down to a farmer's life when quite suddenly, without any warning a change came, and the way from which he had felt himself so far withdrawn, opened fairly and prosperously at his feet. There was nothing for him to do but follow his own desires.

Van took a college course, and then a divinity course. He was much older than his mates, however, when he was ready to preach the Gospel.

Marion heard his first sermon. She gave a little smile of satisfaction when he announced his text: 'Wait, I say, on the Lord.' Afterward she said to him:

'I was the only person in the church who had ever seen you before. Nobody else knew that you were preaching from experience. But let me tell you what I heard. Two young men came out behind me. One of them asked the other what he thought of the sermon. "I liked it," he said. "I liked it immensely. It was real, somehow." It takes real men to preach real sermons, Van. And I perceive that the Lord has made you a real man.'—'Forward.'

Not Lost, But Gone Before.

Once there was a beautiful pond in the centre of a wood. Trees and flowers were growing about it, birds sang, and insects hummed about it. Under the water, too, there was a little world of beings. Fishes and little creatures that live in water, filled it full of busy life. Among them was the grub of a dragon fly, with a large family of brothers and sisters. It is sometimes called a darning-needle. It is a beautiful swift creature, with a long, glittering blue-and-green body, and brilliant, gauzy wings. Now, before he became a dragon-fly, darting through the air and flashing back the sunshine, he was a dark, scaly grub, and lived down in the forest pond. He and his family were born there, and knew no other world. They spent their time in roving in and out among the plants at the bottom of the water in search of food.

But one day this grub began to talk among his mates about the frog. 'Every little while,' said he, 'the frog goes to the side of the water, and disappears. What becomes of him when he leaves this world? What can there be beyond?' 'You idle fellow,' replied another grub, 'attend to the world that you are in, and leave the "beyond" to those that are there!' So said all his relations, and the curious grub tried to forget his questionings, but he could not do it; so one day when he heard a heavy splash in the water, and saw a great yellow frog swim down to the bottom, he screwed up his courage to ask frog himself.

'Honored frog,' said he, approaching that dignified personage as meekly as possible, 'permit me to inquire what there is beyond the world?' 'What world do you mean?' said the frog, rolling his goggle eyes. 'This world, of course; our world,' answered the grub. 'This pond, you mean,' remarked the frog with a sneer. 'I mean the place we live in; I call it the world,' cried the grub with spirit. 'Do you, indeed!' rejoined the frog. 'Then what is the place you don't live in; the "beyond" the world, eh!' 'That is just what I want you to tell me,' replied the grub, briskly. 'Well, then,' said the froggy, 'it is dry land.' 'Can one swim about there?' asked the grub. 'Dry land is not water, little fellow,' chuckled the frog, 'that is just what it is not.' 'But tell me what it is,' persisted the grub. 'Well, then, you troublesome creature,' cried the frog, 'dry land is something like the bottom of this pond, only it is not wet, because there is not water.' 'Really,' said the grub, 'what is there, then?' 'They call it air,' replied the frog. 'It is the nearest approach to nothing.'

Finding that he could not make the grub understand, the good-natured frog offered to take him on his back up to the dry land, where the grub might see for himself. The grub was delighted. He dropped himself down on the frog's back, and clung closely to him, when he swam up to the rushes at the water's edge. But the moment he emerged into the air, the grub fell reeling back into the water, panting and struggling for life.

'Horrible,' cried he, as soon as he had rallied a little, 'there is nothing but death beyond this world. The frog deceived me. He cannot go there at any rate!' Then the grub told his story to his friends, and they talked a great deal about the mystery, but could arrive at no explanation. That evening the yellow frog appeared again at the bottom of the pond. 'You here,' cried the startled grub. 'You never left this world at all, I suppose.' 'Clumsy creature,' replied the frog, 'why did you not cling to my back? When I landed on the grass you were gone!' the grub related his death-like struggle, and added, 'Since there is nothing but death beyond this world, all your stories about going there must be false.' 'I forgive your offensive remarks,' said the frog, gravely, 'because I have learned to-day the reason of your tiresome curiosity. As I was hopping about in the grass on the edge of the pond, I saw one of your race slowly climbing up the stalk of a reed.

'Suddenly there appeared a rent in his scaly coat, and after many struggles there came out of it one of those radiant dragon-flies, that float in the air I told you of. He lifted his wings out of the carcass he was leaving, and when they had dried in the sunshine, he flew glittering away. I conclude that you grubs do the same thing by and by.' The grub listened with astonishment and distrust, and swam off to tell his friends. They decided that it was impossible nonsense, and the grub said he would think no more about it. He hurried restlessly about in the water, hunting for prey, and trying to forget.

But long after, he began to be sick, and a feeling he could not resist impelled him to go upward. He called to his relations and said, 'I must leave you, I know not why. If the frog's story of another world is true, I solemnly promise to return and tell you.' His friends accompanied him to the water's edge, where he vanished from their sight, for their eyes were fitted to see only in water. All day they watched and waited for his return, but he came no more.

One of his brothers soon felt the same irresistible impulse upward, and he also promised the sorrowing family that, if he should indeed be changed into that glorious creature of which they had heard, he would return and tell them. 'But,' said one, 'perhaps you might not be able to come back.' 'A creature so exalted could certainly do anything,' replied the parting grub. But he also came not again. 'He has forsaken us,' said one. 'He is dead,' said another, 'there is no other world.'

And now a third brother felt the same inward necessity driving him upward. He bade his friends farewell, saying 'I dare not promise to return. If possible, I will; but do not fear in me an altered or a forgetful heart. If that world exists we may not understand its nature.' His companions lingered near the spot where he disappeared, but there was neither sign nor sound of his return. Only the dreary sense of bereavement reminded them that he had once lived. Some feared the future; some disbelieved, some hoped and looked forward still.

Ah, if the poor things could only have seen into the pure air above their watery world, they would have beheld their departed friends often returning to its borders. But into the world of waters they could never more enter. The least touch upon its surface, as the dragon-fly skimmed over it with the purpose of descending to his friends brought on a deadly shock such as he had felt when, as a water-grub, he had tried to come upward into the air. His new wings instantly bore him back. And thus divided, yet near, parted, yet united by love, he often hovered about the barrier that separated him from his early companions, watching till they, too, should come forth into the better life. Sweet it was to each newcomer to find himself not alone in his joyous existence, but welcomed into it by those who had gone before. Sweet also to know that, even in their ignorant life below, gleams from the wings of the lost ones they had lamented were shining down into their dark abode. Oh, if they had known, they would neither have feared, nor sorrowed, so much!—From 'Glimpses Through.'

The Monk's Lesson.

There is a legend of the monk Theodosius which illustrates the lesson of service. When he rose one morning there were three imperative things in his plan for the day; three things which he determined to do before the setting of the sun. But early in the morning there came from a neighboring convent a novice, asking Theodosius to give him instruction in the painter's art. The monk set to work patiently to tutor the novice, leaving his own task yet undone. At length the novice departed, but scarcely had Theodosius resumed his work when a mother came, eagerly seeking his aid for her sick child. Long was he detained, attending his patient, until the boy was relieved and restored. It was then time for vespers, and then a brother monk in sore distress lingerer, poured out his story on Theodosius's breast and was comforted. Thus all the day was gone and the monk had scarcely touched the thing he had planned to do. He then

Turned wearily to bed,
Praying 'O God! to glorify Thy name
Three things I purposed; now, with heart-felt shame
I see the day is ended, and not one
Of all those things my feeble skill hath done.
Yet, since my life is Thine, be Thine to say
Where shall be done the duties of the day:
And in Thy work, my work perfected be,
Or given o'er in sacrifice to Thee.'.

Then suddenly upon his inward ear,
There fell the answer, gentle, calm and clear:
'Thrice hath My name, today, been glorified
In loving service—teacher, friend and guide.
Such with God for man, if gladly done,
Is heaven's ministry on earth begun.
To work the works I purpose is to be
At one with saints, with angels, and with Me.'

The teaching of this pleasant legend is that the divinest ministers of each day are the things of love which God sends across our way. The half-hour the busy man takes from his business to comfort a sorrow, to help a discouraged brother to start again, to lift up one who has fainted by the way, to visit a sick neighbor and minister consolation, or to give a young person needed counsel, is the half-hour of the day that will shine the most brightly when the records of life are unrolled before God.—'Forward.'

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me!'

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Amen.

—Hymn.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Star-Stone.

(By S. Alice Ranlett.)

Eons ago, when the precious stones were a-making in the mysterious dimness of ancient caves and rock-fissures, the great Master gave to each its principle of growth, *its rule of life, and set before each* its own ideal, the beautiful perfection into which he willed that it should grow. He gave to each the needful materials out of which it might make itself a thing of beauty; it was theirs only to obey the law of the life which he gave and grow into that which he willed.

And the stones gathered up the atoms—silica, alumina, carbon, magnesia, and drew them together by the mysterious law of crystallization, and slowly, very slowly, the ruby grew, glowing with its fiery flame, the topaz with its golden sun-like gleams, the diamond with its frozen rainbow hues, and all the wonderful 'blossoms of the rocks.'

Now, in those days, among the other gems, a sapphire was striving after its own ideal of beauty, gathering up the atoms of pure alumina, and the tiny particles of coloring matter, which belonged to it. But, just at the critical moment of crystallization, when the sapphire was to put on the form which would be its own through all the ages, something happened. There fell into its limpid drop, a tiny fragment of strange matter which it could not remove and could not assimilate and make one with its own pure substance.

A solemn moment in the life-story of the growing sapphire.

But it was what the wise men call a 'good crystal,' and it would not allow the intruding element to interfere with its own beautiful growth. Had not the Master given this rule? By no means was that to be disobeyed. The sapphire knew nothing of what the result would be; that did not belong to it, only the growing. Resolute and firm, the stone followed its law of crystallization; gathered into itself the foreign atoms and gradually formed its perfect six-sided prism.

The intruder could not be removed, but it could be forced to obey the sapphire so long as that stone was strictly true in its own obedience to its God-given law. So the alumina crystallized with exquisite accuracy about six white thread-like rays directed toward the six faces of the prism.

And one day, when all was fulfilled, the sapphire had become a thing of rare beauty, a transparent crystal of the pale blue hue of the northern sky, holding, imprisoned in its heart and reflecting the light, a wonderful six-rayed star. The hindrance which had threatened to destroy the sapphire and which would have succeeded had the crystal been weak or irresolute, had become its transcendent glory. And the Master took the precious stone in its beauty to shine forever in his own crown, saying: 'Thou hast been tried and found faithful.'—'Forward.'

The First Wrong Button.

(Children's Treasury.)

'Dear me!' said little Janet, 'I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong,' and she tugged and fretted,

as if the poor buttons were at fault for her trouble.

'Patience, patience, my dear,' said mamma. 'The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And,' added mamma, 'look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow.'

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy, and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong, just because the first one was wrong!

Two Little Kittens.

A little girl, whom we will call Lucy, had two little kittens; both of them were white, with pretty pink eyes. One was called Blonny and the other Snowy. When she came home one afternoon, she ran at once to the dining-room, as usual, to take a peep at her kittens. There was little Snowy sound asleep on the hearth-rug before the fire, but little Blonny was not to be seen anywhere. Lucy ran upstairs to her room to see if she was on her bed; but, not finding her there, she went to her mother to ask about her pet. 'No, dear,' replied her mother, 'I don't know where Blonny is; and now that I think of it, I have not seen her for some time. I don't suppose she has gone very far though; you will soon find her.'

So Lucy started off on her search, calling 'Blonny! Blonny!' all over the house, and looking everywhere—under the beds, into the cupboards, and into ever so many places where even a kitten could not get. She then went into the garden and had a good search there, but without finding the least trace of Blonny. Her heart is full, and now and then a tear rolls down her cheeks, for she fears she has lost her kitten!

Her mother also joins in the search, for it is getting dark, and she knows if the frail little thing is not soon found, it will be exposed to the cold night wind, and it may die, if some one has not already run away with it. Away goes Lucy again round the garden, calling 'Kitty! Kitty! Blonny, Blonny!' and the hot tears are rolling fast from her eyes, when, just as she thinks her kitten must be lost, she hears a faint little mew. 'Here's Blonny, mamma!' she shouts; 'here's Blonny!' 'Where?' replies her mother, coming to her. 'Under this bush, I think, mamma; I heard her cry.' And stooping down, whilst her mother held up the branches, Lucy held out her hand, and tried to get Blonny to come; but it was no use. She called and coaxed, but the timid little thing would not come. At last she had to crawl under the bush and

seize the kitten and pull her out.

Now, what do you think she did with it? Give it a good beating? You don't think she did, evidently; but you need not be angry with me for suggesting it. What does she do? Kiss it? Yes; that is more like it, a great deal, isn't it? She presses it to her bosom, and runs into the house with it. Now look at her; there she is, sitting down on a stool before the fire, nursing little Blonny with such care, and so much love. She has put a covering over it to keep it warm, and every few minutes she bends her head and kisses it. There is little Snowy still asleep on the rug, but she hardly takes any notice of it. How is that? She has had so much sorrow over Blonny, that is why she is rejoicing now. She loves the other just as much, only she is not rejoicing over it because it has not given her any sorrow. It has not been lost.

Wasn't that kitten silly to run away like that? If Lucy had not loved it, and gone to look for it, it would, no doubt, have been out in the cold all night, and have died. Jesus has come to look for you, and I think he comes to you just as Lucy went to find her kitten—calling you by your name. He has been looking for you and calling you all through your life.—'Little Pilgrim.'

Lucy.

'Well, Lucy, it is twelve o'clock and your sum isn't yet finished. I am sorry, dear, but I really must keep you in while the others run out to play. You have been very idle this morning.'

Lucy answered nothing to this little speech. Indeed she had nothing to say to it, for she knew well enough that she had been idle, and she also knew equally well that she deserved to be kept in during the play-time.

So the school-room door was shut, and Lucy was left alone in the big room.

But she didn't set to work on her sum even then. No, instead of that she sat lazily sucking her pencil and staring vacantly at the window.

'Bother the old sum,' she thought; 'I wish there were no such things, that I do! I'm not going to worry myself to do the hateful thing, and Miss Hunter needn't think I shall. So there!'

Thus reflecting, the naughty child laid her slate down on the form beside her with a little vicious bang, and then began to roam round the room in search of some occupation. she had not far to look for it, either, for just on the desk in the corner of the room her eyes caught sight of a slate full of neatly worked sums.

'Why, there's the sum all worked out!' she said. 'That must be Julia's slate, and she always gets her sums right. I'll copy it right off on to my slate, and Miss Hunter will think I did it myself!'

No sooner said than done. In a very short space of time the sum was copied off on Lucy's slate, and when the other children returned to lessons Lucy triumphantly carried it to Miss Hunter, saying, 'I've done the sum, please.'

Miss Hunter took the slate with a pleased look and looked at the sum. After a quick glance at it and another at Lucy, she said: 'Very well, dear, you have certainly not been idle during the recess-time. I am anxious to reward my industrious pupils, so invite you to come to my rooms and take tea with me this afternoon.'

At any other time Lucy would have been delighted at this invitation, for it was a great treat to her to spend an hour or two in Miss Hunter's pretty sitting-room and chat with her kind teacher. But already her conscience had uncomfortably reminded her that she had done very wrongly, and with this restless monitor as companion how could Lucy spend a pleasant afternoon, especially in Miss Hunter's room?

The poor naughty child grew more and more remorseful during the remaining hour of school. At dinner-time her mother noticed her sorry looks and poor appetite, but refrained from asking any questions before the rest of the children.

After dinner Lucy went to her little bed-room, and her mother followed her. In a few minutes mother was in possession of the whole story, and poor little repentant Lucy was sobbing out her grief and penitence on her mother's breast.

When the child grew calm, her mother put on her bonnet and cloak and helped Lucy on with her hood and cape, and together they went to Miss Hunter's house to make the confession.

Miss Hunter kissed little Lucy warmly directly she saw the small tear-stained face, and taking the child on her lap she said: 'I know all about it, dear. I knew at once, for Julia's sum was wrong and you had copied all her mistakes!'

'Oh, Miss Hunter, I am so sorry,' sobbed Lucy. 'Shall you ever forgive me? I really will never be so naughty again.'

'My darling, I forgive you now at once. I knew you would be sorry when you thought it over, and I hoped you would come and tell me about it yourself.'

Lucy spent the afternoon with Miss Hunter, and had a long serious talk with her, which left a lasting impression on the little girl's mind. She became an industrious and promising pupil, and I don't think was ever tempted to do anything not truly honorable again.—'Adviser.'

True Beauty.

There is a beauty all may have,
'Tis deeper than the skin;
A cheerful, tender, loving heart,
Both rich and poor may win.

'Tis like the sunshine and the rain,
And fragrance of the flowers;
Where'er it glows a blessing flows,
And joy's own fruitful showers.

'Mid summer's heat and winter's snow,
'Tis like the ivy green;
Where'er a cheerful heart abides,
A bright sweet face is seen.

O beauty of the lowly heart!
O joy of all the meek!
The brightness of faith's laughing eye,
Life's bloom upon her cheek.

O gift of love the poor man's wealth,
The rich man's truest friend;
O clothe our path with all thy grace,
And crown our journey's end.

—W. Poole Balfern, in 'Day of Days.'

Helpfulness.

Try to make others better,
Try to make others glad,
The world has so much of sorrow,
So much that is hard and bad.
Love yourself least, my brother,
Be gentle and kind and true—
True to yourself and others,
As God is true to you.

—'Family Record.'

Temperance Catechism.

THE FOLDING DOOR.

1. Q.—Why do we sometimes call the mouth a folding door?

A.—Because things can come out as well as go in.

2. Q.—What are the things that come out?

A.—The words that show what kind of thoughts we think.

3. Q.—Why should we be careful of our thoughts?

A.—The thoughts make our real soul, for 'as a man thinketh so is he.'

4. Q.—If our lives and thoughts are true and good, what will our words be?

A.—Wise, true, gentle, and helpful to all around us.

5. Q.—If the inner life and heart are bad, how will that show in our words?

A.—Vile and wicked words and perhaps lies and swearing will come out of these folding doors.

6. Q.—What is the surest way to keep such bad words from coming out?

A.—To have only good thoughts and desires in our hearts and brains.

A.—What is one of the things that puts bad thoughts into the mind?

A.—Alcoholic drinks are almost sure to cause bad thoughts and bad words.

8. Q.—Why is this?

A.—Because they poison the brain from which the thoughts come.

9. Q.—How do they affect truth telling?

A.—They deceive the drinker and make him deceive others. A drunkard cannot be trusted to tell the truth.

—Catechism by Julia Colman (National Temperance Society).

A Home Made Happy.

We were holding a temperance meeting one week evening, and when it was half over, a man entered rather noisily and coolly seated himself. The people tittered and glanced at each other meaningly, for it was Jack Dent, known to all as an habitual drunkard. He sat and listened quietly to the speeches one after another, delivered by workingmen like himself; and when at the close the last speaker concluded with these words: 'Now, will any of you come and sign this pledge just for one year and see how it answers?' he paused—there was a dead silence.

'I will,' cried Jack Dent.

He made his way out, and walked as steadily as he could up to the platform. Some laughed and whispered to one another. 'He keep it a year! Why, he's drunk now. We shall see; it's only a trick he's playing off on 'em.'

As for myself, I could only bow my head and pray inwardly he might keep it. That prayer was answered. The following Sunday Jack was at the service; and again at the cottage prayer-meeting during the week, he and his wife were there with their two sons. At the close of the meeting, I went and spoke to them.

'I wish we could have such a meeting as this at our house,' said the woman.

'Well, we will come,' I said.

Jack shook his head. 'You wouldn't—we ain't good enough. And besides, we ain't got chairs for all to sit down.'

'Then we'll stand up—won't we?' I said, turning to the people.

'Indeed we will; that won't hurt us.'

And then there followed warm greetings and handshakings from all around. The next meeting we held at their house; and, thank God! it has not been the last by a great many.

Three years have passed away since then. Jack is a firm abstainer—so are his wife and two sons. And what is better still, we have good reason to believe they are true Christians.

'Ah, Miss,' said his wife, a short time since, 'our home ain't like the same. Sometimes it seems too good to be true; it is like heaven upon earth. He is such a good husband now. And once I used to tremble when I heard him come in the house. Oh! I shall never forget the night he signed the pledge. I sat waiting for him to come, for I knew he'd been on the drink all day. And when Bill and Charlie came in I asked them if they knew where their father was. And Bill says, "Why, mother, he's been to the teetotal meeting, and he's signed the pledge."

'"I only hope he'll keep it," I said. But, Miss, shame on me! I didn't believe he would. I had lost heart for twenty years. I'd never known what peace and comfort were. When Jack came in he went straight off to bed, without speaking a word. And I dare not question him. The next morning he got up and went to work—and he hadn't done a stroke for five weeks. When it came toward night—how I waited; and I could have cried for joy to see him come home sober.

'But Saturday was the most anxious day, for it was then he took his money, and I dreaded lest he should get amongst his old companions and spend it. He always left off work at two o'clock on that day; I knew he couldn't get home much before three, because he'd got two miles or more to walk. But when it was near four I got frightened, for now I didn't expect him home before night. Every now and then I went to the door to see if he was a-coming. Then Bill and Charlie would go—I grew so heartsick o' waiting. At last Bill cried out, "Mother, he's a-coming."'

'I sat down and kept quite still. In a minute Jack came in. I could see at first glance he was sober; and he flung a parcel on the table, "There, old lady," says he, "just open that." I did, the children getting round me, wild with delight. And, oh, Miss, it was a leg o' mutton. I cried out for joy. Says he, "We'll have a good dinner to-morrow. Now you'll see, I ain't going to be such a fool as I have been."

'That was the beginning of a happy life; from that time my Jack has never failed to come home sober.'—'Temperance Truths.'

Create Appetite.

The liquor traffic is a great commercial enterprise. Saloon-keepers, wholesale dealers, brewers, distillers, capitalists—all are engaged in the business for the money there is in it. They would be wanting in ordinary business sagacity and diligence if they did not seek to extend their trade by every means within their power. It is true that an extension of the infernal business means shame, misery, degradation, poverty, crime, death, broken hearts, and ruined homes. The liquor dealer is well aware of the dire consequences of his trade; but he has deliberately chosen to secure wealth, or at least, a livelihood even at such a fearful cost. He plans to destroy as assiduously as ever man planned to save. To gain new customers he must allure the innocent, and bring them under the power of the demoniac appetite. At a meeting of the Ohio Liquor League a short time since one of the officers gave the following bit of advice to the members. It is quite in keeping with the diabolical nature of the business:

'It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty as will our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to that of some other more remunerative. The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits have formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that this missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickles expended in treats to the boys now, will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create appetite.'—'Endeavor Era.'

'And a Little Child Shall Lead Them.'

A little lad sat in his own high chair,
Blue were his eyes, and golden his hair,
But the sunny smile had flown from his face,
And an ugly frown had taken its place.

The table was laden with dainty food,
But nothing could tempt his naughty mood;
His tumbler sparkled with water clear,
While that of his father was filled with beer.

There lay the grievance; and soon he said:
(With a saucy toss of his curly head)
'I mean to grow up as fast as I can,
And I'll always drink beer when I'm a man!'

But the mother's cheek grew blanched with fear,
And she glanced from her boy to the glass of beer;
Till now it had only a beverage been,
But her eyes were opened, and lurking within

She saw the germs of folly and crime,
Rapidly swelling 'neath touch of time,
Hiding all trace of a once good name,
Revelling in a drunkard's shame.

She glanced at her husband; his brow was sad,
The wilful words of his little lad
Had reached his heart; and he stopped to think:
'Oh, God! Am I tempting my boy to drink?

'In me it awakens no craving for more,
And stronger spirits I loathe and abhor;
But my son may be tempted, though I be strong,
And through my example he may go wrong.

'Please God, he shall never be able to say—
"I began to love it when, day by day,
I saw my father his tumbler fill,
And knew that in him it worked no ill."'

Then, meeting the anxious gaze of his wife:
'Will you join,' said he, 'in a pledge for life?
For the sake of our child, and because it is right
To shield his life from drink's curse and blight.'

So the pledge was signed; and that lurking fear
Vanished for aye with the glass of beer.
And the boy grew up to make them blest,
And took for his motto—'Water is best.'
—'British Workman.'

haymaking before she was at liberty to follow another pursuit.

The late Bishop Wilberforce was told by Dr. Davys an interesting anecdote of his former pupil. 'The Queen always had from my first knowing her a most striking regard for the truth. I remember when I had been teaching her one day, she was very impatient for the lesson to be over—once or twice rather refractory. The Duchess of Kent came in and asked how she had behaved. Lehzen said, "Oh, once she was rather troublesome." The Princess touched her and said, "No, Lehzen, twice, don't you remember?"'

It had been judged meet that the future Queen should not be made aware of her coming greatness, which, for that matter, continued doubtful in her earlier years. In order to preserve this reticence, unslumbering care and many precautions were absolutely necessary. It is said the Princess was constantly under the eye either of the Duchess of Kent or the Baroness Lehzen. The guard proved sufficient: yet it was difficult to evade the lively intelligence of an observant sensible child.

'Why do all the gentleman take off their hats to me and not to my sister Feodora?' the little girl is said to have asked wonderingly on her return from a drive in the Park, referring to her elder half-sister, who became Princess of Hohenlohe, between whom and the questioner there always existed the strong, sweet affection of true sisters. Perhaps the little lady felt indignant as well as mystified at the strange preference thus given to her, in spite of her sister's superiority in age and wisdom. We do not know what reply was made to this puzzling enquiry, though it would have been easy enough to say that the little Princess was the daughter of an English Royal Duke, therefore an English Princess, and the big Princess was German on both sides of the house, while these were English gentlemen who had saluted their young countrywoman. The mystery was not disclosed for years to come.

In 1827 the Duchess and her daughter were at Tunbridge Wells, dwelling in the neighborhood of Sir Philip Sydney's Penshurst, retracing the vanished glories of the Pantiles and conferring on the old pump-woman the never-to-be-forgotten honor of being permitted to present a glass of water from the marble basin to the Princess. The little girl made purchases at the bazaar, buying presents, like any other young visitor, for her absent friends, when she found her money all spent, and at the same time saw a box which would suit an absent cousin. The shop-people of course placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying, 'No. You see the Princess has not got the money; therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box.' This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased, and the answer was, 'Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that.' On quarter-day before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase.

In the Princess's Roman history one day she came to the passage where the noble matron, Cornelia, in answer to a question as to her precious things, pointed to her sons, and declared, 'These are my jewels.' 'Why,' cried the ready-witted little pupil, with a twinkle in her blue eyes, 'they must have been cornelians.'

Queen Victoria was educated, as far as possible, in the simple habits and familiarity with nature which belongs to the best and happiest training of any child whatever her rank. There is a pleasant picture in Knight's 'Passages of a Working Life': 'I delighted to walk in Kensington Gardens in the early summer, on my way to town. . . . In such a season, when the sun was scarcely high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air, a single page attending on them at a respectful distance, the mother looking on with eyes of love, while the fair, soft, English face is bright with smiles. The world of fashion is not yet astir. clerks and mechanics passing onwards to their occupations are few, and they exhibit nothing of vulgar curiosity.'

In 1830, George IV. died, and William, Duke of Clarence, succeeded to the throne as King William IV. That summer was the last of the Princess's ignorance of her prospects; until then not even the shadow of a throne had been projected across the sunshiny path of the happy girl of eleven. She was with her mother in one of the fairest scenes in England—Malvern. The little town with its Priory among the Worcester hills, looks down on the plain of Worcester, the field of a great English battle. A dim recollection of the Duchess and Princess is still preserved at Malvern, how pleasant and kind they were to all; how good to the poor; how the future Queen rode on a donkey like any other young girl at Malvern. The shadowy records do not tell us much more.

It had become clear to the world without that the succession rested with the Duke of Kent's daughter. The English Parliament had not only formally recognized the Princess as the next heir and increased the Duchess's income to ten thousand a year, so relieving her from some of her difficulties; it had, with express and flattering reference to the admirable manner in which she had until then discharged the trust that her husband had confided to her, appointed her Regent in the event of King William's death while the Princess was still a minor. In this appointment the Duchess was preferred to the Duke of Cumberland.

When the Princess had reached the age of twelve, it was judged advisable, after her position had been thus acknowledged, that she herself should be made acquainted with it. The story, the authenticity of which is established beyond question, is preserved in a letter from the Queen's governess, Baroness Lehzen, which Her Majesty has given to the world.

'I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now, for the first time, your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again, as usual, and seeing the additional paper, said, "I never saw that before." "It was not necessary you should, Princess," I answered. "I see I am nearer the throne than I thought." "So it is, Madam," I said. After some moments the Princess answered, "Now, many a child would boast but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility." The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, "I will be good. I understand now why you urged me to learn even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understand it all better now;" and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, "I will be good."'

In July, 1834, when the Princess was fifteen, she was confirmed in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the presence of the King and Queen and the Duchess of Kent, she confirmed the baptismal vow which consecrated her as a responsible being to the service of the King of Kings.

If the earlier story of the purchase or non-purchase of the box at Tunbridge Wells reads, 'like an incident out of "Sandford and Merton,"' there is another anecdote fitting into this time which has still more of the good fairy ring in it, while it sounds like a general endorsement of youthful wisdom. The Princess was visiting a jeweler's shop incognito (a little in the fashion of Haroun-al-Raschid) when she saw another young lady hang long over some gold chains, lay down reluctantly the one which she evidently preferred and at last content herself with buying a cheaper chain. The interested on-looker waited till the purchaser was gone, made some enquiries, directed that both chains should be tied up and sent together, along with the Princess Victoria's card, on which a few words were pencilled to the effect that the Princess had been pleased to see prudence prevail, while she desired the young lady to accept her original choice, in the hope that she would always persevere in her laudable self-denial.

1836 was an eventful year in the Queen's life. An invitation was sent by the Duchess of Kent to her brother, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, to pay her a visit, accompanied by his two sons, in the spring. Accordingly, in the month which is the sweetest of the year, in spite of inconstant skies and chill east winds, when Kensington Gardens were bowery and fair with the tender green foliage—the chestnut and hawthorn blossoms—the lilac and laburnam plumes of early summer, the goodly company arrived, and made the old brick palace gay with the fresh and fitting gaiety of youth. Of course the young people saw much of each other. They went about to see all the sights of London together, and among other places they attended the service at St. Paul's Cathedral when the children of the charity schools went there, and the singing greatly moved all the young people. Princess Drina, however, observed that her younger cousin Albert paid very marked attention to the sermon as well as the singing; and, from this time, it seems, she made up her mind as to who should be her future partner in life if ever she married. From this time, although Prince Albert went back to his home in Germany, they frequently heard of each other through friends. They also exchanged messages and little tokens of regard.

In the September of that year the Duchess and the Princess went again to Ramsgate, and stayed there till December. It was the last seaside holiday which the mother and daughter spent together untrammelled by state obligations and momentous duties, with none to come between the two who had been all in all with each other.

Princess Drina came of age May 24, 1837, and William IV. lived until the 19th of the following month.

Although his death had been almost hourly expected for some days previously, the little household at Kensington Palace went on as usual until it was aroused by a loud knocking at the outer gate in the summer dawn of June 20, when the porter hastily summoned some of the servants and told them that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the

Home Secretary had come to see the Princess.

'But she is asleep, and it is only five o'clock in the morning,' said the surprised servant.

'No matter what the time is. I must see the Princess at once,' said the Archbishop; and so the servant went to summon her.

The lady did not keep him waiting as long as her servants had done. In her white nightdress, with a shawl drawn round her shoulders, and her long, fair hair falling down her back, she hastened to the parlor where the Archbishop was waiting, and there received the news that she was now Queen of England. For a minute she stood silent and awe-struck after he had done speaking, and then said, 'I ask your prayers on my behalf.' It was a reign fitly begun—in simple dependence upon God—and amply has he blessed her who thus cast herself upon his care.

The time for the public proclamation of

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA 'BREAKFASTING IN THE OPEN AIR.

the Queen was fixed for June 21, at ten o'clock. When Lord Albemarle, for whom she had sent, went to her and told her he was come to take her orders, she said, 'I have no orders to give, you must know this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St. James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion.'

When the Queen arrived, accompanied by her mother and her ladies, and attended by an escort, on the June morning of her proclamation, she was received by the other members of the royal family, the Household, and the Cabinet Ministers. Already every avenue to the palace and every balcony and window within sight were crowded to excess. In the quadrangle opposite the window where Her Majesty was to appear a mass of loyal ladies and gentlemen were tightly wedged. The parapets above were filled with people, conspicuous among them the big figure of Daniel O'Connell, the agitator, waving his hat and cheering with Irish effusion.

'At ten o'clock,' says the 'Annual Register,' 'the guns in the park fired a salute, and immediately afterwards the Queen made her appearance at the window of the tapestried ante-room adjoining the ante-chamber, and was received with deafening cheers.

'On Her Majesty showing herself at the Presence Chamber window, Garter-Principal-King-at-Arms, having taken his station in the courtyard under the window, accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk as Earl-Marshal of England, read the proclamation containing the formal and official announcement of the demise of King William IV., and of the consequent accession of Queen Alexandrina Victoria to the throne of those realms . . "to whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess Alexandrina Victoria with long and happy years to reign. God save the Queen." At the termination of this proclamation the band struck up the National Anthem, and a signal was given for the park and tower guns to fire in order to announce the fact of the proclamation being made. During the reading of the proclamation Her Majesty stood at the Presence Chamber window, and immediately upon its conclusion the air was rent with the loudest acclamations by those within the area, which were responded to by the thousands without.'

In the meantime the great news of Queen Victoria's accession had travelled to the princely student at Bonn, who responded to it in a manly, modest letter, in which he made no claim to share the greatness, while he referred to its noble, solemn side. Prince Albert wrote on the 26th of June: 'Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe; in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.'

The Mother's Prayer.

('Ram's Horn.')

A venerable man of God recently gave a history of his conversion and early life, thus: 'My mother died when I was a small boy, and her last words to me, with her cold, pulseless hand upon my head, were these: "My boy, when you are in trouble tell Jesus about it." At twelve years of age my sins troubled me so I could not sleep. First I thought of calling my father, but my mother's last words came to me as a new revelation, and on my knees I said, "My mother's Jesus, help me now." My burden was gone instantly, and in its place the peace and joy of heaven filled my heart.

'My father was poor, but longing for an education some years after, I told him that I must go to school and prepare to be a minister. I worked my way through a five years' college course, and then in my pride of intellect began to doubt the word of God, and to use my critical scalpel to dissect it. I had almost forgotten that I was once purged from my old sins, when I went to the village prayer-meeting (where I took my college course) to criticise. Then an old carpenter of seventy-five years, who had often encouraged me in my work as he met me on my way to college lectures, rose up to speak, and said: "For fifty years I have stood on the rock of ages; many times have I trembled with doubt, but that rock has never shown the slightest tremor or trembling in all that time, and my faith in Jesus has grown with my fifty years' experience, until for me to doubt him would be disloyalty, and so to-day the sin of unbelief is no part of my life."

'From that moment my doubts went to the wind, and I learned soon after from my father, that before I was born, my mother had promised the same Jesus that if a man child were given to her, she would devote him to the ministry.'

That man is now a successful minister in one of the largest churches in Chicago, where 'the testimony of Jesus is the spirit' of such preaching as makes unbelief in his hearers impossible, if, like Thomas, their doubts are the trembling of honest seekers after truth. He is 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,' because 'rightly dividing the word of life,' every one gets his portion in due season.

Yet There is Room,

Yet there is room for thy small feet
Upon the narrow road;
Yet there is room on Zion's street,
So golden and so broad.

Yet there is room, heaven is not full.
The gate stands open free:
Jesus is kind and merciful,
Yet there is room for thee.

Thousands of happy guests are there,
In garments white and pure,
Ten thousand thousand onward fare,
The blind, the maimed, the poor.

Yet there is room; and none depart
Unwelcomed, unforgiven;
While there is room in Jesus' heart
There will be room in heaven.

—'Everybody's Paper.'

The Sum of it All.

The boy that by 'addition' grows,
And suffers no 'subtraction,'
Who 'multiplies' the thing he knows,
And carries every 'fraction';
Who well 'divides' his precious time,
The due 'proportion' giving
To sure success aloft will climb,
'Interest compound' receiving.

—'Morning Star.'

Review Lesson.

(From the 'S.S. Illustrator.')

GOLDEN TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

'This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations.'—Mat. xxiv., 14.

Home Readings.

M. Acts ix., 32—x., 48.—Lessons I., II.
T. Acts xi., 1—xii., 25.—Lessons III., IV.
W. Acts xiii., 1-43.—Lessons V., VI.
Th. Acts xiii., 44—xiv., 28.—Lesson VII.
F. Acts xv., 1-35.—Lesson VIII.
S. Jas. ii. and iii.—Lessons IX., X.
S. II. Tim. i. and iii.; Rom. xiv.—Lessons XI., XII.

The Circulation of the Bible.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer—she only wept. She had no bible in which to look for the text. This led him to enquire whether her parents and neighbors had a bible; and this led to a meeting in London in 1804, of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor in Wales with the bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society—which has distributed many million bibles. Its issues now reach more than 1,500,000 annually. And this, in turn, led to the formation of the American Bible Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institutions throughout the world; which are so many trees of life scattering golden fruit among all nations of the earth. All this we may trace back to the tears of that little girl in Wales, at the beginning of the century.

The bible must be scattered broadcast before the story of the gospel in its pages can be preached in all the world. Already this book, so wonderful, so sacred, so beautiful, exceeds all others in the extent of its circulation, not only in numbers, but in point of territory over which it extends. Translations of it have been made in almost every known language.

A recent writer says: 'Everywhere in the world the Holy Writ is being sent. When Stanley made his tour of Central Africa, tons of volumes were to be found among his supplies, and thousands of copies are even now travelling on pack and on sledge through the frozen polar regions to people who not only have never heard of this book, but to whom books of any sort whatever are unknown. It is estimated that in ninety years the bible societies of America and Europe have distributed over 230,000,000 copies.

SOPHIE BRONSON TITTERINGTON.

The great missionary tract for all ages is 'The Acts of the Apostles.' From the hour of receiving light, it is the supreme duty of the Christian believer to spread that light abroad, to the extent of both our ability and our influence. Christians are witnesses of Jesus Christ.

In conducting the review, it would be well to name the prominent person and event in each lesson, and emphasize the manner in which they helped to spread the name and fame of Jesus thoughout the world. Am I helping to let the gospel light shine in the world?

If the world shall ever have the light of gospel truth, it will receive it only through the word and work of the children of God.

REV. ROBERT F. Y. PIERCE.

For Primary Teachers.

REVIEW.

If the teacher desires to do more than simply review the lessons of the quarter, I would suggest the following: Take a globe—one can be borrowed for the occasion or purchased in cheap form for a small price. Show it to the class. Talk about different inhabitants of the world. While there are such differences in language, dress, thought, speech and looks still the gospel is fitted to save the whole world. This is shown in our lesson for the quarter together with the way it is to be accomplished.

Employ anything that will bring vividly to the mind the lessons you have taught.

Objects, by the law of the association of ideas, will help to fasten the truths taught in the minds of the class, as well as to make clear the points, and to hold the attention. These ends should be kept constantly in mind in the use of objects to teach moral or religious lessons. The lesson it is used to teach should be distinguished from the object itself. For example, Christ is not a shepherd, but he is like a shepherd in many ways. The thing seen is simply the bridge to the thing unseen, hence we should neither ignore the bridge nor call too much attention to it. Our sight is an important factor in our education. Long ago Herodotus said, 'The ears of men are naturally more incredulous than their eyes.'

C. H. TYNDALL.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

June 20.—Our brothers' keepers.—Gen. 4: 3-16. (A temperance topic.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

June 20.—How should we be our brothers' keepers?—Gen 4: 3-16. (A temperance topic.)

The Troublesome Class.

(By Henry Lewis.)

'The class in the vestry,' remarked one teacher, 'is a perfect nuisance. What's the use of teaching these children? It's simply waste of time.'

And in this sentiment a large number of the school concurred.

The class, I suppose, averaged about fifty in number, all under ten years of age. The majority of those were from the lowest parts of Bryn, and they came in all shapes and colors. They were a strange medley, sure enough, and few had the courage to take them in hand. The school was supposed to begin at two p.m., but these little stragglers would keep coming till three o'clock, and though some of the teachers promised halfpennies to every boy and girl who came to school by two, very few of the vestry people ever gained the reward.

'You'll soon become bankrupt,' said the superintendent to one teacher, 'by giving all these youngsters halfpennies every Sunday; you must try some other plan.'

There was no need of fear from that direction, however, and this the teacher knew.

'Bankruptcy,' replied he. 'I would be willing to become bankrupt for once if I could get those niggers to come early, and to behave themselves after coming.'

But the task seemed an utter impossibility. Several skirmishes had broken out in the class, and once or twice an open fight took place between Jack Doone and another boy, who had said that Jack's mother was a drunkard. Jack would not bear this, for if his father was a drunkard, he said, his mother was not, and tears came to his eyes. But these tears were a signal of warning, and it took a strong man to keep Jack from practising with his little fists upon the face of his antagonist.

Jack was a small, lissom fellow, with blue eyes and dark hair, and he possessed a very noble expression. His father had been doing well at one time, but drink had ruined his business, and had driven him to abject circumstances. He sent his lad regularly to Sunday-school with the hope that he would turn out a good boy and a Christian man.

But so far as the teachers at Bryn were concerned they had given both Jack and the whole vestry class up in despair. But Jack they all acknowledged, was by far the worst. 'What can be done?' was the despairing question of the whole school.

'Send the urchins about their business,' said old teacher Jones. 'Why should we be troubled with other people's children? It's enough for us to come to school to teach our own.'

'Quite right,' responded half-a-dozen more of the elder members, and a hot discussion followed.

Well, it was a problem, there's no use denying it, and it became a very serious matter.

No one in the school would undertake to teach the class. The superintendent, young Pritchard, had some decided notions about teaching the children, and he had longed for a chance to put his ideas into practice. But the teachers would not allow him, and it was evident that his ideas and theirs concerning the importance of the class in the vestry clashed against each other. He nearly insulted some of the senior classes by emphatically announcing that the vestry class was the most important class in the school. Of course he had to explain himself, and happily his explanation was considered very satisfactory. However, they would not permit him to teach the class.

Sunday evening the minister announced that the vestry class would have to be abandoned for the want of a teacher. 'But,' he added, 'if any of the members would like to take the class for a quarter or so, they will kindly communicate with the superintendent.'

Several days passed but there was no response. The superintendent and minister became quite despondent. It was a pity, in fact a shame, that fifty young souls should be turned away from the school. What could be done? Somebody must be found; but who could they get?

They were at their wit's end, when the superintendent received a note which ran as follows:—

'Dear Sir,—I am not yet a member of our church, but I love children, and I love teaching them, and, above all, I love Jesus Christ; and if you cannot get anyone else to take the class I will do so on probation.' Her name and address were attached to the note, but no one in the teachers' conference Friday evening seemed to believe it possible. Lilian was the only daughter of Sir Edward Owen, of Plas Gwyn. She was a delicate creature, and her parents kept her rather confined. Sir Edward was a member at Bryn Chapel, but he never took any active part in the meetings of the church, and Lilian, his daughter, had never been seen in the Sunday-school.

So the whole thing seemed very incredible. Even if the note had come from Miss Lilian, she was too delicate, some thought, to take a class of fifty children. And besides, she was only eighteen years of age. But the great objection was the fact that she was not a member.

Amos declared emphatically that she must be made a member before they could entrust her with a class, and this was the general opinion of the school, though some differed. But how to make this feeling known to the young girl became another difficulty.

When she was approached upon the subject by the superintendent she blushed, but quietly and modestly replied, 'Oh, I know I ought to be a member, but I do love to teach children, and I do love Jesus, and if that is not sufficient I will become a member. I think I could do anything for the sake of these little ones.'

Lilian took her class, and immediately became a favorite with the children. Jack Doone had his eyes fixed on her from the beginning to the end of the lesson.

'I have not come here,' she said, 'to teach you these dry letters. Ah, Bee, Ek; these letters you will learn for yourselves when you grow older; but I have come here to tell you something nice about Jesus, and about those who love him——'

In this strain she spoke to them for about fifteen minutes, and then she read to them a short story, and closed her lesson by asking them a number of easy questions. The children were delighted.

'You'll come again, teacher, will you?' they all said, and she promised that she would.

'You are a good boy now,' said the superintendent to Jack one Sunday as he met him when going to school a few minutes 'before time.'

'Yes,' replied Jack, 'Miss Lilian is not like the other teachers we has; she loves us so, you see.'

'But she don't give you pennies, Jack, does she?'

'No, but she gives us occas'nally nice little books to read; they tells us how to be good boys, and we likes to read 'em.'

'I think she has been to your house, Jack; was your mother glad to see her?'

'That she was, and father, too. But teacher has been to see all us in our homes, and she kissed our little baby, and father has promised he'll come to chapel again.'

So there's no more trouble in the vestry, and the children are never late or dirty, and Jack speaks about joining the church. And whenever he's asked to explain why he's such a good boy now, his answer is always the same: 'She loves us, you see; but the other teachers didn't, and she comes to our homes. We likes her because she is so kind.'—'S.S. Times,' (London).

HOUSEHOLD.

Bearing Disappointment.

(By Sallie V. Du Bois.)

Ellen turned carefully over the leaves of her new bible. There was a certain verse in the Psalms that she wished to mark. When Miss Ellis presented the book, she said: 'Ellen, you will find a verse reading like this: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."' And the young girl had quietly answered, 'Thank you.'

Ellen was one of a class of ten girls in the Hillside Academy, and the close of the school term was to have seen them all graduated, when an unexpected event caused our friend to drop from the class. Nervous prostration overtook the taxed mother's strength, she was ordered a complete change, which meant, of course, that she must go from home. The father could not afford the additional expense of hiring extra help, and there was no alternative but that Ellen must be taken from school to shoulder her share of the burden. Mrs. Louis was melted to tears. 'My dear daughter,' she said, 'I cannot bear that you should sacrifice so much for me.'

'Hush, mamma, dear,' she answered, 'we will not think of that, but only pray that your health may be restored.'

'What a brave little girl Ellen is,' father said that evening. 'I had no idea what sterling stuff was in her until I saw how willing she was to sacrifice her heart's dearest desire. She never demurred, just put her shoulder to the wheel like a brave young soldier of the Cross.'

And it was all true. Miss Ellis was the only one that had a realization of what the disappointment meant to Ellen. In telling the circumstances of her leaving school to her teacher, she gave way to a flood of tears, and for a time all words seemed powerless to comfort her. 'I shall have no time to pursue my precious studies,' she said.

'Ellen, dear,' was the answer, 'perform your duty faithfully, as unto the Lord, and sometime, somewhere, somehow, you shall find that which you seek.' Then there was contrition in the girl's heart; she was ashamed that she should have manifested such feeling before dear Miss Ellis, who was so unselfish and noble.

So the weeks sped by, Commencement Day dawned, and sitting in the audience, with a little sister each side of her, was Ellen, bright and happy, the flush of girlish expectation on her face making her appear positively beautiful.

'Ellen's indifference about leaving the class is something surprising,' said one lady to another.

'Oh, hush,' was the low-spoken answer. 'You mistake Ellen; she has been diving in sorrow's streams and has found precious pearls.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Little Boy Who Died.

By Ernest Gilmore.

'The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
That was the time when our little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

'"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make a noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

'Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand;
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there?"

No mother who has been bereaved of a little one can read the above poem by our lamented and beloved Eugene Field, without eyes dimmed with tears. How he loved the children!

These little ones, who are beholding the face of their Father in heaven, how we long for a look into their sweet faces! How we yearn for a touch of their little hands! How our hearts would leap if we could catch even one whisper of the loved voices that are still!

But whatever our agony may be, let us never be guilty of saying that we have lost our children. We have only parted with them, and, however great may be our sorrow to lose their sweet companionship, we have the inexpressible joy of knowing that they are saved. As Bishop Hall says: 'That is properly lost which is past all recovery, which we cannot hope to see any more. It is not so with this child for whom thou mournest. He is only gone home a little before thee. Thou art following him. You two shall meet in your Father's house, and enjoy each other more happily than you could have done here below.'

Some one tells the story of 'a nobleman who had a spacious garden, which he left to the care of a faithful servant, whose delight it was to train the creepers along the trellis, to water the seeds in the time of drought, to support the stalks of the tender plants, and to do every work which could render the garden a paradise of flowers. One morning he rose with joy, expecting to tend his beloved flowers and hoping to find his favorites increased in beauty. To his surprise, he found one of his choicest beauties rent from its stem, and, looking around him, he missed from every bed the pride of his garden, the most precious of his blooming flowers. Full of grief and anger, he hurried to his fellow-servants, and demanded who had thus robbed him of his treasures. They had not done it, and he did not charge them with it, but he found no solace for his grief till one of them remarked, "My lord was walking in the garden this morning, and I saw him pluck the flowers and carry them away." Then he found that he had no cause for his trouble. He felt that it was well that his master had been pleased to take his own, and he went away, smiling at his loss, because his lord had taken them.'

Dr. Cuyler gives the best of advice to bereaved mothers and fathers. He says: 'Parents, spare your tears for those whom you have laid down to sleep in their narrow beds of earth with the now withered rosebud mingled with their dust. They are safe. Christ is their teacher now, and has them in his sinless school, where lessons of celestial wisdom are learned by eyes that never weep.'

'My little one, my sweet one,
Thou canst not come to me;
But nearer draws the numbered hour
When I shall go to thee;
And thou, perchance, with seraph smile,
And golden harp in hand,
May'st come the first to welcome me
To our Immanuel's land.'
—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Halibut.

Halibut is an economical fish to buy; as there is so little waste, besides this particular fish seems to be equal to meat, more so than most kinds, for its substantial, sustaining properties. It will 'stand by' most stomachs like a piece of juicy sirloin steak. A piece of four pounds, cut so near the tail, across the fish, as to make a suitably shaped piece for the table, is ample for six persons, and then some will be left for pickling. We are explicit in writing for the benefit of those who do not yet know all that time and experience teaches, in cooking or even in buying for the table.

I have in mind a young friend who went, almost from the graduation day, to be the mistress of a beautiful home. Going to market to order her dinner, she inquired what kinds of fish were to be had. The market man named over several kinds. 'Well,' my young lady replied, 'you may send me home a halibut.'

Get a piece the size and shape given above, wash in cold water, and lay upon a cloth to drain. Chop one onion fine, also have a large spoonful of chopped parsley. Now take a large spoonful of butter, cut it into bits, and lay into the dripping pan. Over it sprinkle half the onion and half the parsley, a teaspoonful of salt, and liberal sprinkling of pepper. Now lay in the piece of fish, the cut side to the pan, of course, and on the top sprinkle the other half of the parsley and onion. Also the juice of a large lemon, and one well-beaten egg, spread evenly around, with pepper and salt. A wee sprinkling of flour all over, and just cover the bottom of the pan with hot water, and it is ready for the oven. Forty minutes in a good oven and it is ready to serve, with a tomato sauce poured over it, or served from a sauce tureen, with alternate slices of lemon and a sprig of parsley around the fish. Drain the juice from a can of tomatoes, thicken, add butter generously, pepper and salt, and a little onion juice if liked for the sauce.

Another way to cook this same cut of halibut, yet equally delicious, is to use salt, fat pork, for the moistening of this naturally dry fish, instead of butter, and it gives it a fine flavor. A quarter-pound of pork will do for a four-pound piece of fish. Cut it up in very thin, narrow slices, put half in the driping pan, with a bay leaf, and half a sliced onion. Lay in the fish, and on it put another bay leaf, the rest of the onion, salt and pepper, and a spoonful of flour, creamed together, spread evenly around. Then sprinkle fine cracker crumbs over all and lay the remainder of the pork, cut in very fine strips, over all, to bake. Thirty minutes will bake it in a good oven. Serve on a hot platter. It is a delicious flavor, and moist, and no sauce is required.—N. Y. 'Observer.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—We cordially approve of the material, make-up and teaching of your little 'Northern Messenger,' and hope for it an extended circulation on a solid cash basis.

F. MELBOURNE MAY,
Veteran of the U.S.A.

Shutesbury, Mass.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed, 'Editor of the Northern Messenger.'